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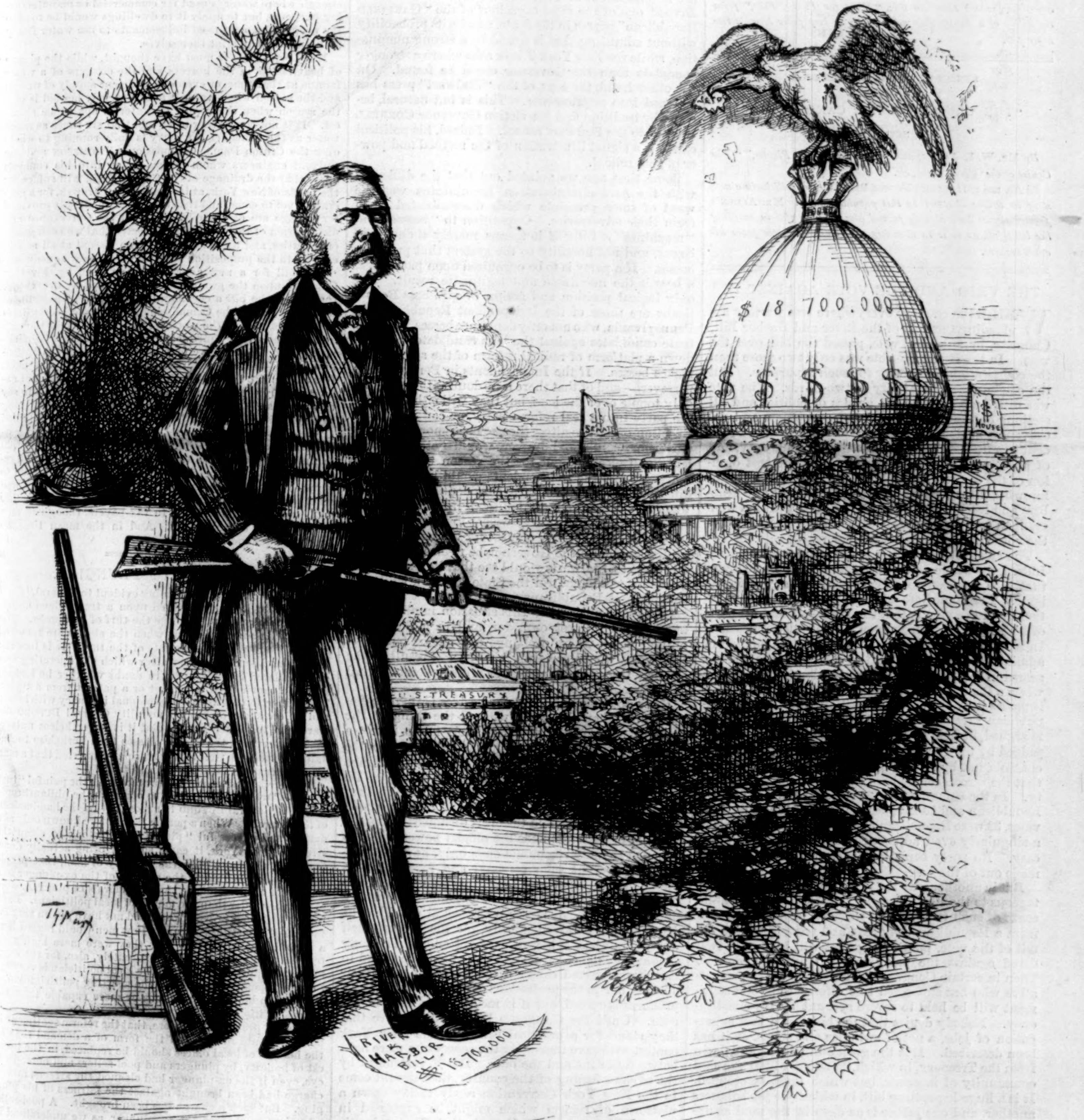
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PRESIDENT ARTHUR, HIT HIM AGAIN! DON'T LET THE VULTURE BECOME OUR NATIONAL BIRD.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 12, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 145, *published August* 8, *contains a thrilling story for girls, entitled* "*Ruth's Opportunity,*" *by* Miss Belle Williams; "*The Hardest Tug of All,*" *by* David Ker; *Chapter XIX. of* "*Mr Stubbs's Brother,*" *illustrated; and a most exciting tale of boyish mischief, by* Jimmy Brown, *called* "*Our Bull-Fight.*"

Mrs. Helen S. Conant *contributes an interesting article, entitled* "*Historical Trees of Mexico,*" *with two illustrations; there is a spirited sketch of the boyhood of* Michael Angelo, *by* George Cary Eggleston, *entitled* "*How a Boy was Hired Out, and What Came of It*"; Mr. C. W. Fisher *tells the boys* "*How to Make a Toy Canoe.*"

A striking feature of this number is a beautiful double-page engraving, which takes its title, "*Wait for Pussie, Fido,*" *from the action of a dainty little miss trying to keep peace between two eager pets.*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

"THE CRUISE OF THE CANOE CLUB."

A NEW SERIAL,

By Mr. W. L. Alden, *author of* "*The Moral Pirates,*" "*The Cruise of the* '*Ghost,*'" *etc., etc.*

In No. 146 *of* Harper's Young People *there will begin a new story in twelve chapters by this popular author.* Mr. Alden's *former stories have already proved him as successful in amusing the little folk as he is in drawing smiles and laughter from his adult readers.*

THE VETO AND THE VOTE AGAINST IT.

WHILE the country everywhere was warmly applauding the veto of the River and Harbor Bill, Congress, by a decided vote, passed the bill over the veto. In the House the vote was only two more than the constitutional majority for such a purpose. But the constitutional majority is two-thirds. The vote was distributed among all shades of politics and all sections of the country, and its promptness and decisiveness made it all the more effective. The President has the satisfaction of having done his duty, and of knowing that he was sustained by the best opinion of the country. Congress has the satisfaction of knowing that there is joy among all jobbers and grabbers and leeches of the public treasury, and that honest men everywhere scan with wonder the record of the vote and the names of the voters.

The effect of this action is not at present evident. Indeed, the whole political situation is now so obscure that it is not easy to affirm positively any probable issue. The immediate aspect of the Congressional action upon the veto is that the President and all parts of his party are at odds upon a great public measure. In England this situation would lead to a change of administration. Here, on the contrary, it is already scored in some quarters as a party advantage, because, while a Republican Congress passes the offensive bill, it passes it by the aid of opposition votes, while a Republican President vetoes it. It can not, therefore, it is argued, be held to be a Republican sin. A party is judged by the general conduct of a Congress which it controls, not by the act of a President, and it is clear that the responsibility here can not attach to one party. In the House, of the 122 votes for the bill, 69 were Republican and 53 Democratic; and of the 59 adverse votes, 32 were Republican and 27 Democratic. This is a singularly even adjustment, and the dishonors are easy. No party capital, as such, it is urged, can be made out of the vote.

But in another way the result can hardly be advantageous to the Republicans. The shock to the public sense of such reckless and wasteful legislation comes from a Republican Congress, and passing by the detail of the vote, public judgment will be finally rendered against the party which controls Congress. Then in certain Congressional districts the Representative who has supported this offense to public sentiment will be held to severe account by his constituency. Nobody denies that the bill was a vast aggregation of jobs, a net of swindles and steals, as it has been described. It is the great annual leak and drain from the Treasury, in which there is a widely diffused community of interests, but which must be stopped. It is a huge log-rolling bill, in which one job balances another, and one jobber is as deep in the mud as another in the mire. This is the offense with which local public opinion must deal, and the only way to teach Congress to stop the leak is to defeat the borers. A vote for this bill as against the veto will be probably the last feather in certain districts to break the back of a candidate's chances. But in this matter the President has done well, and whatever mischief members of Congress may have inflicted upon themselves, the President has certainly not hurt himself.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK.

There is an ominous political quiet in the State of New York. A few months since it was supposed that the State and National administrations would contest the control of the autumn Convention which nominates a Governor. But it was obvious that this position would be an unwise one for the President, because the result was uncertain. His natural wish as a politician must be that his party should not lose his own State in the first year of his administration. But if he should contest the control of the Convention and should be defeated, not only would his defeat destroy his prestige at home, but it would instantly erect the victor into a threatening rival for the highest honors. The politic course was to profess a desire for harmony and a determination to take no part in the contest. Then, whatever the result in the Convention, it could not be publicly described as a defeat of the Administration. For some time, therefore, there has been little suggestion of a probable contest in the Convention. Everything has been quietly drifting toward the renomination of Governor Cornell. The Utica *Herald*, one of the most sagacious of the "Garfield Republican" papers in the State, admits its probability without admitting that it would be a strong nomination, while the New York *Times* asks where a stronger candidate than the Governor could be found. On the other hand, the tone of the "Stalwart" press has softened into acquiescence. This is but natural, because by tradition and conviction Governor Cornell belongs to the Stalwart school. Indeed, his political career is a signal illustration of the method and power of that school.

Some time ago we pointed out that the difficulty with the Anti-administration Republicans was the want of some principle which discriminated them from their adversaries. Opposition to "bosses" and "machines" is folly if it means merely a choice of bosses, and not hostility to the system that produces bosses. If a party is to be organized upon patronage, a boss is the inevitable and legitimate result. The only logical position and action of anti-boss Republicans are those of the Independent Republicans in Pennsylvania, who not only denounce bosses, but nominate candidates against the boss candidates, and lay down a platform of radical reform of the system that makes bosses. If the Independents in Pennsylvania persevere—and of that there is no doubt—they will not only topple over the boss, but they will either change the party into a real reform party, or cause a reconstruction of parties altogether. The renomination of Governor Cornell, however, would not be equivalent to an election, and for the reason that both the Stalwarts and the Independents would be at least indifferent. The middle of a Presidential term is always the epoch of most political independence, because each wing of a party wishes to show its power in order to secure party control for the next national contest. Should the Governor be re-elected, the Administration Stalwarts would see that he and not the President would control the State for 1884, while the Independent Republicans would ask what had been gained for their cause. This situation implies a contest without interest or ardor, and in a State of a million votes, where a change of eight or ten thousand votes would certainly change the result of the election, the want of interest or ardor becomes a vital consideration.

Have not those who call themselves Garfield Republicans taken the name without the thing? The political significance of Garfield's name is not a change of persons, but of methods. Now do the Garfield Republicans of New York desire a change of methods, and, if so, what kind of change? Do they propose to renounce the "spoils," or do they merely wish them to be differently distributed? Granting that they hold that it is dishonest to use for personal or factional ends the official power which is intended to subserve public ends only, how is it proposed to prevent such personal and factional use? Vague general assertions are of no value. The Cameron Pennsylvania Convention denounced vigorously the abuse of official power for personal ends, but its denunciation deceived nobody, for the protest itself was intended to subserve personal ends. The only adequate evidence of party purpose is to be found in the character and career of candidates, not in their pledges, nor in the professions of platforms alone. A platform is useful, but it is meaningless without the man. Until the Garfield Republicans prove that they stand for a practical principle, the New York contest will have inevitably the aspect of a mere fight between the ins and the outs. But if, instructed by the evident feeling of the country, they should come to the New York Convention ready to lay down a platform of reform which might be expressed in Garfield's own words, if, with their Pennsylvania brethren, they should declare a purpose "to take up the work that fell when Garfield fell," to demand in place of the spoils system "the reformation of the civil service by law, so that the appointive places therein may be freely open to all fit and industrious citizens, and removals therefrom shall be only for good and sufficient public causes," and if upon that platform they should place a man who believed it, there would be a campaign without torpor and with a principle, and the dead President, whose name the truest Republicans love to repeat, would have recreated his party.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

Such weather as that of the last week in July admonished the people of New York that they could not command a constant supply of fresh air. It brought home to them clearly, however, the need of a constant supply of fresh water. It is complained that people waste water in New York as they waste it in no other city in the world, and the statistics bear out this assertion. There are persons, however, whose study of the subject entitles their opinions to consideration, who assert that a great proportion of what is charged as waste is in fact leakage from the mains and from the house connections. However that may be, it is evident that the free use of water is necessary to health and comfort in such weather as that of the tropical week we have lately experienced, and if there is no way in which a free use can be encouraged without encouraging a wasteful use, we must even submit to the waste. It is probable that there is no such method. A proposition to tax the consumer according to the quantity actually used is just enough where water is used for commercial or manufacturing purposes, but to apply it to dwellings would be to give the people who most need inducements to use water freely an inducement to stint themselves.

Many New-Yorkers must have thought, while the plague of heat lasted, of the horrors and the dangers of a water famine at that time, or even of a deficient supply of water; and the season when water is most urgently needed is also the season when the supply of water is apt to be shortest. It is not comforting to be told that six times as much water as the aqueduct can carry is daily running to waste over the Croton Dam. Commissioner Thompson and the eminent engineers whom he has taken into his counsels agree that the drainage of the Croton Basin will suffice for the needs of New York, at its past rate of growth, for a generation yet to come, and that the facilities already provided for storage are also ample. It is for the conveyance and distribution of the water thus collected that we need greater facilities, and there seems to be no dissent at all among experts to the proposition that we need a new aqueduct.

The bill for a new aqueduct was vetoed by Governor Cornell upon the ground, as was assumed by everybody, that under the bill a considerable amount of "patronage" would accrue to the Commissioner of Public Works from the construction of the work. But if we wait for the construction of a new aqueduct until "politics" can be eliminated from the work, we may have to wait till the Millennium, and we need an increased water supply at once. It is only fair to Commissioner Thompson—and it is not expressing any approval of his conduct as a politician—to say that in this matter he has shown himself as trustworthy as any politician we are likely to find. He has retained the best engineering counsel, and the plan which he submits has been recommended by the engineers, purely on engineering grounds, as the likeliest to accomplish the result at the least expense. There is thus every reason to suppose that the plan is the best that can be chosen, and whether it is carried out under one commission or another will probably matter little to tax-payers, though it may matter much to politicians. And in the mean time we need the aqueduct.

THE ETHICS OF PLUNGING.

It must be gradually becoming evident to General "Abe" Buford that he has embarked upon a tremendous undertaking in his attempt to purge the turf of its abuses. The opinion of mankind is that when the abuses are removed from it, there will be little left of the turf. It is like the famous excision of a tumor after which the operating surgeon declared himself to be in doubt whether he had removed a tumor from a patient or a patient from a tumor. The connection between a professional intimacy with horses and a low state of human morality General Buford declares not to be necessary. But it is nevertheless universal, and pervades the equine classes from Yorkshire to Andalusia, insomuch that it is proverbially asserted that a man can not trust his father in a horse trade.

These reflections naturally proceed from the painful "turf scandals" which have arisen to obstruct the philanthropic efforts of General Buford to make the turf the handmaiden of the Church. When a person theretofore known only as a daring and successful "plunger" undertook to clean the streets of New York, it came so near being actually done, for the first time within the memory of man, that people precipitately pointed to the success of the ex-plunger as a scavenger as an evidence that the morals of plungers were of a higher order than the morals of local politicians. Even if that had been proved, we should not have got on very far toward disinfecting the turf. Few men would regard it as a compliment to be told that they were more highly esteemed than aldermen. Unfortunately, also, for the reputation of plungers in general, the local politician is very apt to be a "sporting man," and the sporting politician is not believed to be more scrupulous or more capable than the serious politician.

It is not probable, therefore, that the reform sentiment in politics would have taken the form of a demand that all the holders of local offices should be replaced, in the interest of honesty, by plungers and pool-sellers and horse-jockeys, even if the ex-plunger had cleaned the streets, and no charge had been brought against the fairness of his plunging. But such a charge has been brought. A pool-seller of eminence charges the ex-plunger, as we understand it, with having bribed trainers and jockeys in order to facilitate the success of his plunging. The ex-plunger does not, we believe, deny that he has paid them the money, but asserts that he has paid them for information, and that he has paid them to win, which was their duty in any case, so that he has not sapped the foundations of their somewhat precarious morality. But the ex-plunger must perceive that the motives of a plunger who pays liberally for information, and to secure the victory of the quadrupeds selected by him, are liable to misconstruction. They were misconstrued by an English owner, who objected to the presence of the plunger on the track during what the plunger described as "business hours"; and it is charged or intimated that the plunger's payments also involved the payment of money to the trainers and jockeys of horses not selected by him to win. If a plunger really wishes to be esteemed like Cæsar's wife, it would perhaps be better that he should pay no money at all for information or for victory, but should back a judgment not privately instructed. His stake is so great that his personal relations with the intimates of race-horses are necessarily open to suspicion. It is with him as with Browning's diver:

> "There are two moments in a diver's life:
> One when, a beggar, he prepares to 'plunge';
> Then when, a prince, he rises with his pearl."

It would probably be too much to ask the plunger to abjure plunging altogether. He has undertaken to keep the streets clean, and it is hard to deny him the opportunity of making up in plunging the money which he loses in that heroic enterprise. But it might be suggested to him to limit his successes as a plunger to the extent of his losses as a scavenger. And in any event it seems that the triumph of the cause which General Buford has so much at heart, of the conversion of the turf into a religious agency, is some distance off.

FAC-SIMILE DRAWINGS BY GREAT MASTERS.

Mr. Charles H. Moore, instructor in drawing and the principles of design at Harvard University, has published, through Mr. Moses King, a convenient portfolio of sixteen fac-simile drawings by some of the best masters of delineation. The Albert-type process reproduces the works precisely, which are taken from Holbein, Dürer, Le Fevre after Titian, Tintoret, Leonardo da Vinci, Turner, Prout, Ruskin, and John Lewis. The collection is not designed for absolute beginners, but it is of remarkable value for those who are a little advanced, and it is a charming collection for all lovers of art. At a very reasonable cost it enables every student of drawing to learn under the guidance of the best masters, as a student of language would learn from the best authors. By this admirable collection Mr. Moore has done an excellent service for the cultivation of a true taste in drawing.

THE MONITORS.

It must naturally be a great disappointment to Mr. Robeson that the appropriation for the repair and completion of the five Monitors has been cut down to $400,000, but he bears it nobly. Of course he knows better than any one else that next to nothing can be done with so ridiculously small a sum. It may be sufficient to pay for two new monkey-wrenches or four gallons of lubricating oil at the rates usually paid by our naval authorities for supplies, but it will be of scarcely any appreciable use in making the Monitors fit for service, and calming the minds of contractors.

The opponents of our navy and of Mr. Robeson have had the effrontery to pretend that the five Monitors are not worth completing. These men exhibit at once a callous indifference to the needs of contractors, and a pitiful ignorance of naval affairs. It can be demonstrated that the armor of the Monitors when completed will resist a pistol-shot of the largest size, even when fired at close quarters; that they will be admirable sea-boats when moored to a dock in quiet water, and that they will be able to cruise in almost any canal that is wide enough for them. To pretend that such vessels are worthless is as absurd as it is unpatriotic. No unprejudiced man can fail to admit, if he deals honestly with himself, that the Monitors are very nearly worth their weight in old iron. Had we more of these formidable vessels, we could effectually defend our harbor by sinking them in the channel, and thus preventing the entrance of foreign war ships. For this purpose the Monitors would be all that could be desired, for, in the opinion of competent naval architects, they could be sunk with more ease than any other vessels afloat. To oppose the outlay of a few millions of dollars in completing these ships shows a niggardly and unexpected economy on the part of a Congress that can appropriate $18,000,000 for improving the navigation of brooks and gutters.

There has already been expended on these vessels the sum of $3,528,580, and it has been estimated that $4,287,836 more would be needed to complete them. It may seem to narrow-minded critics that inasmuch as only one of the five Monitors has been launched, the Navy Department has not very much to show for the $3,528,580 which it has paid out; but, on the other hand, in view of the grave doubts which have been expressed as to whether the four Monitors still on the stocks would float were they to be launched, it has perhaps been wise to keep them out of the water. In the mean while the naval authorities have made a grand discovery in connection with the *Miantonomoh*—the only one of the five that has been launched—which may prove to be of inestimable value. This is nothing less than the discovery of a new method of moving a man-of-war from one port to another. Some years ago the Navy Department ordered the *Miantonomoh* to be repaired. The repairs were made by knocking the *Miantonomoh* to pieces at the dock where she was lying, and building a *Miantonomoh* at a place many miles distant. It thus came to pass that after a time the original *Miantonomoh* completely disappeared, and a Monitor bearing the same name was launched, and placed on the naval register. This was, of course, very different from breaking up one ship and building another, since the Navy Department only had authority to repair the *Miantonomoh*. We must therefore assume that the *Miantonomoh* now in existence is the original vessel of that name somewhat extensively repaired, and moved in a new and mysterious way from the port where she was originally lying to the port where she now is. Thus we see that by the magical process of "repairing," a man-of-war can be moved any distance without the help of any visible means of locomotion. If we should wish to send the *Miantonomoh* from the Delaware to San Francisco, it could be accomplished by this new process without sending her to sea, and incurring the cost and delay of doubling Cape Horn. A discovery such as this is certainly of great value, and may somewhat reconcile carping critics to the cost of the *Miantonomoh* and her four unfinished consorts.

It is undoubtedly a great pity that Congress will not appropriate the $4,287,836 which is required to finish all five of the Monitors. With that sum, were it to be judiciously expended, several hundred additional rivets might be put into the ships, and they might be brought so near completion that only two or three more millions would be needed to fit them for undergoing repairs. But Congress is deaf to the demands of patriotism and contractors, and there is little prospect that the eyes of a naval enemy will ever be gladdened by the sight of the five Monitors flying the American flag, and forming the strength of the American navy.

GOVERNMENT ARCHITECTURE.

The extraordinary number and magnitude of the appropriations for public buildings made by the present Congress incidentally illustrate the large Roman disregard of the claims of art which characterizes our statesmen. The designs for these buildings are all to proceed from the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury. We believe that that office has no statutory existence. At all events, the qualifications of the incumbent are nowhere defined, and his appointment or retention in office is entirely within the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is presumably not a judge of his qualifications. The architecture of government buildings, except those in Washington, is entirely within the control of this functionary, whose professional competency no steps have been taken to ascertain. It is not surprising, therefore, that the supervising architects should not have been, as a rule, men of high professional standing, or that the architecture of recent government buildings should not represent the best that can be done by American architects. It seems high time that something should be done to secure such a representation, when Congress is granting ten or fifteen millions in a single session for public buildings in all parts of the country, which must exercise an influence on the private building of the whole country. No European architect in modern times has had such an opportunity for the development of architecture as has been afforded by the lavish appropriations of the past ten years. And this great power has been given to an officer whose legal position is simply that of a clerk in the Treasury Department, removable at will.

Mr. William A. Potter, an educated architect, who held this position for some years, whose professional standing is higher than that of any other recent incumbent, and some of whose official works are grateful exceptions to the routine of government designing, remonstrated against the system which has come to prevail, and under which the old requirement that an architectural design for a government building should be approved by a major of engineers and an "engineer in charge," which was at least a guarantee of sound construction, has been rescinded, and no safeguard whatever substituted for it. Mr. Potter maintained, with reason, that the work was too extensive to be done by one man, and that designs for all the buildings erected by the government, if they were to be made by one architect, must either be unstudied, or be repetitions of each other. Under the military control of public architecture both these disadvantages were combined. One design was repeated as a custom-house, post-office, and Federal court-house in all the cities requiring such a building, with variations only of magnitude, and this building, familiar to everybody, is of no architectural merit. Mr. Potter's suggestion, which was embodied in a bill, was that designs for public buildings should be opened to competition, the award to be made by disinterested experts. Open competitions, however, for government buildings, as the competition for the Post-office in this city showed, are not apt to attract the architects whom it is desirable to attract. There seems no reason why architects of standing should not be regularly engaged to design public buildings. The "Supervising Architect" would in that case confine his functions to those intimated in his title, and to such work in designing as could be done justice to by one man.

We mean, of course, no disparagement to the present Supervising Architect, Mr. Hill; on the contrary, we express an opinion, in which we have no doubt he would concur, in saying that the work put upon him during the present session of Congress is more than can be well done by any single architect. If the Supervising Architect be competent for his place, he is of course competent to prepare a programme of requirements which would give a designer all the information that he needed, and he is competent to select architects in different parts of the country who are able to do the work, so as to bring our public architecture up to the standard of our best private architecture, which it has by no means attained thus far. A mere authorization by Congress to the Supervising Architect, or to the Secretary of the Treasury, to employ architects to design public buildings whenever in his judgment it is for the public interest to do so, would confer this power and responsibility, and would give the country a chance, which it can not be said to enjoy under the present arrangement, of getting something in the way of public architecture to show for the money which it is spending with unexampled profusion on public buildings.

PERSONAL.

We are to have the honor of another Cardinal in the person of Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago. Bishop Feehan is just in his prime, having been born in Tipperary, Ireland, fifty-three years ago. After completing his studies at Maynooth, he came to this country, and moved to St. Louis in 1852, where he was made superior of the ecclesiastical seminary at Carondelet. He was soon afterward appointed pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at St. Louis, where he remained until 1865, when, at the early age of thirty-six, he was made Bishop of Nashville. In personal appearance the Bishop is unusually striking, being over six feet high, with black hair, and a pleasing, intellectual expression. He succeeded to the Archbishopric of Chicago in December, 1879, and is very popular with all classes.

—How Clara Morris came to go upon the stage is related by Mr. J. H. Carter, of Cleveland, a veteran theatrical manager, who says: "In 1862, in the early days of my young girl troupe, we were brought to Cleveland. We boarded with a Mrs. Miller, and in the same house were two young girls, about fifteen years old, and their mothers. The girls got acquainted with mine, and wished to see them perform. My girls begged me to let the two go behind the stage to witness the performance. I complied, and the two misses became infatuated, and wanted to 'go on the stage.' Each asked her mother's consent. One mother said 'no'; the other, 'yes.' The girl whose mother said 'yes' went upon the stage, and became the noted Clara Morris. The other girl is the wife of a master blacksmith, the mother of a troop of children, and resides in California."

—As a pleasing instance of the easiness with which good deeds may be done when occasion offers, it is related that the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa, called recently while in Norwich, Connecticut, at the house of Mr. John F. Slater, who recently gave $1,000,000 for the education of negroes in the South. Messrs. Moses Pierce and H. B. Norton happened to call in at the same time, and they with their host made up a purse of $1400, for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent cyclones in Iowa.

—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, maintains to the full the habits of industry with which he commenced his remarkable and brilliant literary and political career. At his house in Washington four large rooms are devoted to literature and literary work. Large tables in them are heaped high with manuscripts and pamphlets, while more than twelve thousand volumes crowd the ample bookshelves. Here Mr. Bancroft works untiringly, aided by a secretary and several copyists. It has for years been his habit every afternoon to lay work aside and spend an hour or two in the saddle, on his fine Kentucky charger. To this invigorating exercise he attributes in great measure the almost uniformly good health of his now more than fourscore years.

—The Rev. Dr. Alvan Bond, who died in Norwich, Connecticut, a few days since, aged nearly ninety years, was long a conspicuous preacher and theologian of the Congregational Church of New England. He was a native of Sutton, Massachusetts, and graduated at Brown University in 1815. After some years of pastoral labor he accepted a professorship in the Theological Seminary in Bangor, Maine, and subsequently accepted a call to the church in Norwich. For a long time past his great age had precluded him from active clerical work, and his latter years were passed in "lettered ease," surrounded by all the comforts which the opulence and filial affection of his sons could bestow. He was the father of Mr. William Bond, well known in the financial circles of New York, and Major Frank S. Bond, late president of the Reading Railroad Company, both of whom are now in Europe.

—The grave of the late Mahlon Fisher, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, was profusely decorated with flowers a few days ago by all the widows of that city, to whom Mr. Fisher bequeathed the interest of $30,000, to be divided annually among them, irrespective of race or religion, in proportion to the number of children each one has.

—Miss Emily MacTavish, for many years one of the leading belles of Baltimore society, was a few days since invested with the white veil of a nun of the first degree at the Convent of Mount De Sales, in Baltimore. Great astonishment was created in May last when she suddenly renounced the world and entered that convent as a novice. She is descended from one of the oldest families of this country, which is closely connected with noted families of England. Through the Catons they are very closely related to three noble houses, and General Winfield Scott was the grandfather of the children of the present generation. The step taken was to her many friends a sudden one, but it had been long considered. Wealthy, exceedingly handsome, graceful, well educated, well read, appreciative of the pleasures and healthfulness of outdoor sports—the spirited dash after the hounds across country, for instance—she was widely known in the highest social circles of the State. She is believed to have a private fortune of over half a million dollars.

—There are still blades at Damascus—attractive young blades, as may be inferred from the fact that the will has just been proved in London of the Hon. Jane Elizabeth Digby, wife of the Syrian sheik Midjuel el Mezrah, but better known to visitors in Damascus as Lady Ellenborough. She had been married to the Earl of Ellenborough, but was divorced from him in 1834, after which she married successively a Bavarian baron and a Greek general. Being deserted by the latter, she fell in love with and married a Bedouin sheik some years younger than herself, and divided her time between her own comfortable house at Damascus and the barbaric freedom of her husband's tent in the desert. The testatrix specially gives to her husband £1000, her house and stables at Damascus, all her horses and dromedaries, and certain jewelry and other effects; to her son Heribert, Baron Venningen, £1000 and some jewelry; to each of her brothers, Lord Digby and the Hon. Kenelm Henry Digby, several articles of jewelry; and the residue of her property to her husband.

—The authorities at the Vatican are treating with noticeable courtesy Americans of good position at home who visit the Holy City. Recently Mr. Day, a Protestant lawyer of St. Louis, had a pleasant interview with Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State. To him the Cardinal said: "It is always a treat to receive a visit from an American gentleman. My sympathy with America is so great that I sometimes really regret the office which I hold merely because it makes it impossible for me to cross the Atlantic and visit the great country of the youngest nation. Such a trip has been and still is the ideal of my life. But who knows? Perhaps one of these days we shall be obliged to ask your hospitality. Will you Americans grant it to the Holy Father and to us?" "Oh, surely," Mr. Day replied. "Tell his Holiness that America would be only too happy to welcome the representant of the Catholic Church, who would certainly find among Protestant Americans not only the respect which is due to his high position, but also a friendly and generous reception."

—A writer in the Atlanta *Constitution*, writing of Judah P. Benjamin, says: "He is in court all day until four in the afternoon; then, until half past seven, receives the solicitors in his chambers. After this he goes to dine at his club in the West End. His only leisure is Sunday and an occasional evening." It will be remembered that after the capture of Jefferson Davis, Mr. Benjamin made his way to a point near Key West, where he embarked in a small sail-boat, open and without deck, for Nassau, and he used to relate how, when the Gulf Stream almost carried them out into the open sea, when battling against a head-wind and out of sight of land (for one hundred miles was the distance), and "with one bushel of raw sweet-potatoes to feed three men," when almost without hope, at the last moment the wind changed, filled their small sail, carried them within sight of the light-house, and enabled them to effect a landing just at the extreme northern portion of the Bahamas. In September, 1865, he landed in England, and in June following was admitted to the bar. In 1868 he published his *Benjamin on Sales*, having in the intervening years supported himself by writing leading articles for the newspapers. The first year he made about £300, the next year about £400, "and in the fourth year," said he, "my income was £1000. It rapidly increased after that." At the present rate of Mr. Benjamin's income, he will be in a few years, if he is not now, the possessor of vast wealth. "My book gave me my practice, and now, wonderful to relate, I have," said he, "upon looking over my cases yesterday, just one-half of the cases from the realm (*i. e.*, the whole of England, Scotland, and Ireland) before the House of Lords on the appeal."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

VIOLET AND VIRGINIE.

Virginie went to the open window. Outside there were the carriages and the people, and there was the clear bright sunshine of the sweet June day. But she took no note of these things. Presently she returned to the table by which Violet was sitting.

"I know why you asked me if I love him. Tell me—you—do you love him?"

"No."

"Did you ever love him?"

"I do not know. I was young and foolish. No gentleman had ever spoken of love to me before. I thought I did. Heaven knows, I might have loved him had he chosen. Now I can not even pity him."

"Do you think I might have loved him, too—in time?"

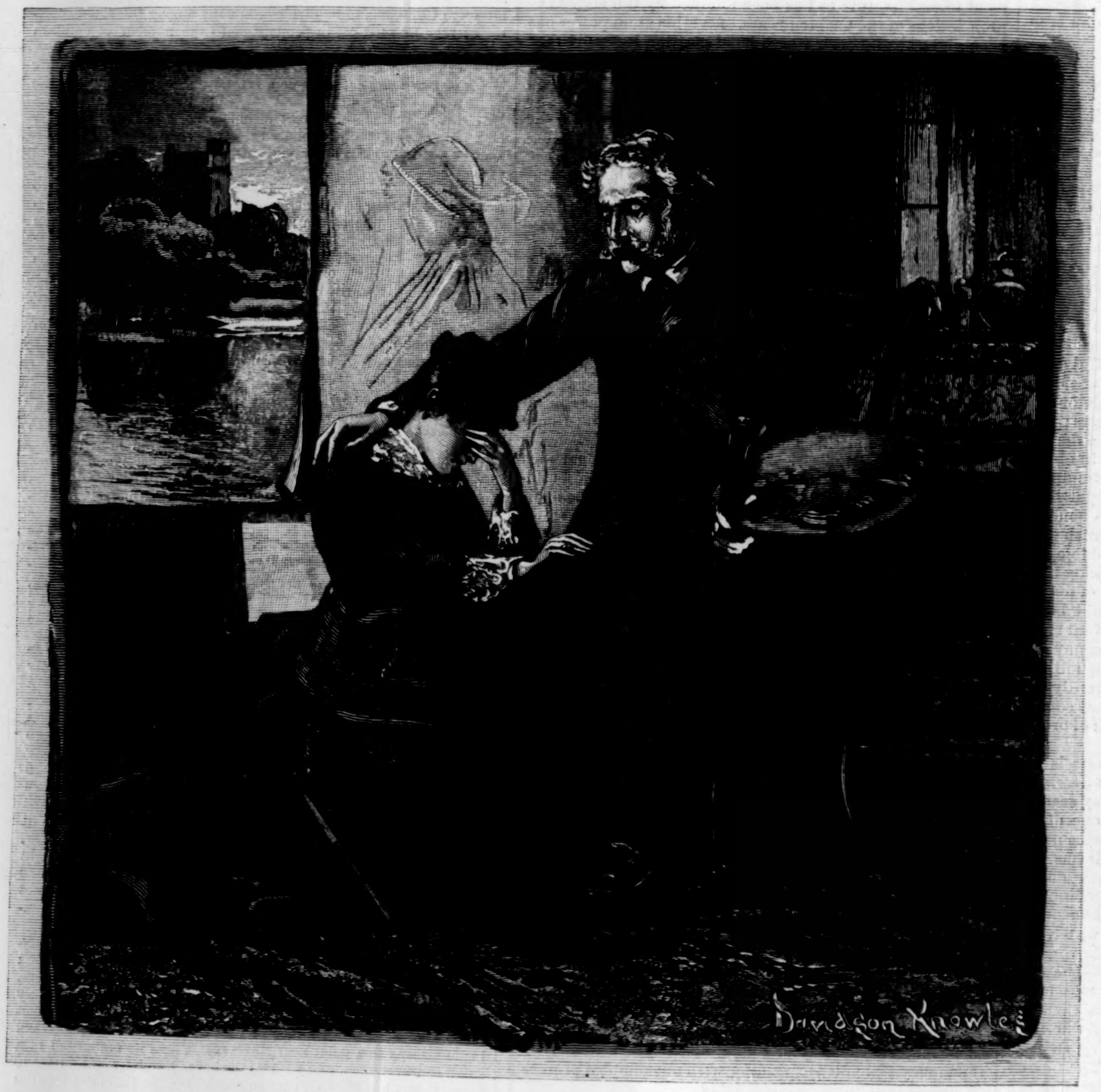
"I do not know."

"To live with him for fifteen years; to be his wife for all that time; then—suddenly—to learn the dreadful truth! Oh, Guy!.... Guy!....how *can* men be so wicked?"

This was the part of the wrong which struck her imagination; the fifteen years of honor and happiness, with the man whom she had learned to love, followed by the rude discovery of his frightful treachery and her own position.

"You look good," said Virginie, piteously. "Can you tell me what I should do—I mean—do first? For of course I must never see him again. I never could. But there are other people. Lord Ferrier loves me, and will be made unhappy; Maude, his sister, loves me; Mrs. Hallowes will want to know why I have broken the engagement; my guardian will want to know. What am I to say to all of them?"

"I do not know what ladies do, or how they should act. If I were you, I would say nothing. Say that Guy has broken the engagement. Refer them to him for reasons."



"SHE THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET IN TEARS OF PITY AND OF SHAME."

"But you, will you not go to Lord Ferrier yourself and tell him?"

"No. I promised him long ago, when he cursed the day that he married me, that I would not be the one to tell the story to his father. I have kept that promise, and I will keep it still, unless I have to break it—for the sake of the boy."

"Shall I leave you?" Violet asked, presently. "I think I can do nothing more for you. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" said Virginie. "Why, but for you, I might have married him."

This was a strange speech from a girl who had just been torn from her lover. But it might be taken in more senses than one.

Violet went away.

Left alone, Virginie went over the whole story again, trying to understand it thoroughly. It was, alas! too easy to understand. In place of the perfect gentleman, the Knight without Reproach, the pure Sir Galahad, there stood a Thing with contorted features, hideous, deceitful, a wild beast. Poor Maude! Poor Lord Ferrier! Who was to tell them?

She sat down quickly, and wrote a note.

"I have received a visit from Violet Lovelace, the actress. She has told me a story about you and your marriage with her. If that story is true, do not answer this letter. If it is not true, come and see me.
Virginie."

She sent this letter by a special messenger. If Captain Ferrier was in his chambers, he was to wait for an answer. If he was not, the man then was to go to his club, and there wait for an answer. He was not to return until he had put the letter into Captain Ferrier's own hands. And meantime she was at home to no one.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the man returned.

He had given the letter. Captain Ferrier read it, tore it up into a great many fragments, and said, "Tell Miss Ferrier that there is no answer at all."

It was all true, then.

"Where is your ring, my dear?" asked Mrs. Hallowes. "It is bad luck not to wear an engaged ring."

"My engagement is broken off," said Virginie.

"Your engagement broken off? My dearest child, what is the meaning of this?"

"Captain Ferrier has broken it off, dear Mrs. Hallowes. Will you ask him—not me—the reason why? I have sent him back his presents, and there is an end."

"An end? Virginie, are you dreaming? Yesterday he was with you half the morning; was the engagement broken then?"

"No, not then; it has been broken to-day. You will ask him why, not me."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Hallowes.

"We are going out to-night," said Virginie. "I do not feel very much inclined for dancing, but we will go. And you will tell everybody, please, that the engagement is broken off. I wish particularly that this should be known at once."

"But—my dear—"

"It is quite true," Virginie repeated. "It is broken off so hopelessly that it can never—never—never be renewed. It is not a quarrel nor a misunderstanding. It is an *impossible* thing for me to marry him."

"Have you told Maude?"

"I have written both to her and to Lord Ferrier, telling them that the engagement is broken. For their sake, I am very, very sorry. For my own—"

"For your own, dear?"

"For my own, I can never be sufficiently grateful and happy."

Mrs. Hallowes said no more. It was clearly no mere lovers' quarrel. Besides, Captain Ferrier was not in love with Virginie, as she had the sharpness to have perceived very clearly from the beginning. The man wanted her fortune. And she had learned something of his character. He had no friends, although he knew many men; and he was a gambler. Could Virginie have learned that he was a gambler? That would hardly explain her statement that he himself had broken off the engagement. Could she have found out entanglements of another kind? But since he, and not she, had broken the engagement, that could scarcely be.

She was fairly puzzled.

Their little dinner that evening, usually so full of cheerfulness, was silent and dull. Presently they went to some party, where Virginie danced more than was usual with her. Mrs. Hallowes, obedient to instructions, whispered the news, which was carried round; so that by the next morning there was not a single person interested in the career of the Honorable Guy Ferrier who did not know that his brilliant match was broken off. Virginie's letters to Lord Ferrier and to Maude were nearly alike. To the former she said:

"Dear Lord Ferrier,—Because you wished it, and because you have been so kind to me—kinder than I could ever have looked for or hoped—I am very sorry that Guy has broken off our engagement. He will, perhaps, tell you why.
"Your grateful and affectionate cousin, Virginie."

And to Maude she wrote:

"My dear Maude,—Guy has broken the engagement. He will, if he pleases, tell you why; but do not ask me. For your sake and your father's sake I am very sorry that it was ever entered upon. I will write to my guardian by the next mail. Meantime, please understand that it is *impossible* for us to renew the promise. I mean impossible in the literal sense of the word. It is not matter of sentiment at all. Impossible. Thank you most sincerely for your kindness and your friendship.
"Yours, affectionately, Virginie."

They received these letters sitting together after dinner. Lord Ferrier had been talking of Virginie—of the pleasant times they would have when she would be with them for good; making plans for their residence all together; Guy settling down to a country gentleman. He talked constantly of Virginie; he longed for her to be married, so as to be at his side every day. While they were thus discoursing, these letters came.

Lord Ferrier dropped the note in consternation.

"What does it mean, Maude? What does it mean?" he asked her.

"It is some new folly of Guy's—some madness. I do not know what it means." She sprang to her feet in a kind of despair. "Oh! Guy....Guy! Then all is useless."

"What does it mean, Maude?"

"I do not know, sir. Patience a little. We shall know—too soon, whenever the news reaches us; and too much, whatever the reason may be."

CHAPTER XI.

BROKEN OFF.

Virginie would see Maude; but she refused to give any explanations.

"But, my dear, it is inexplicable. One day you are lovers, and the next you are strangers—and no reasons."

"There is a very good reason indeed," said Virginie. "But yet I can not tell it you."

"You say that Guy broke it off. Why? It was his"—she was going to say "his interest," but she refrained—"it was his dearest wish—"

Virginie smiled. "No," she said, "it was never his wish at all. Do not think that any longer. He may have told you so; but it was not true. He never wished to marry me: he never loved me. For that matter, he hardly took the trouble to pretend."

"Oh, Virginie, is it, after all, only a lovers' quarrel?" It seemed for the moment as if she might be only piqued or out of temper.

"No; it is far worse than that. It is, as I told you, an impossible thing for me ever to see him again. Ask him yourself."

Maude went to her brother's chambers. He was out: he had left no message. She went to his club: he had not been there at all. Then she went home and wrote to him.

"Virginie will tell me nothing. What have you done, Guy? What have you said?"

He answered by letter, and briefly: "Since Virginie will tell you nothing, I do not see why I should. The thing is broken off; it can never be taken up again. I suppose there will be a smash in a day or two. Perhaps you had better tell my father everything."

Lord Ferrier found no pleasure that day in his studio, though the day was fine and the light good. He was painting a picture for Virginie; he was going to throw into it his very best work; it was to be a picture which even jealous Royal Academicians should not dare to refuse. Yet if it could not be given to her, what was the use of going on with it? He, too, sought his son, but to no purpose, because Captain Ferrier was neither at his chambers nor his club. Then Lord Ferrier took luncheon at his own club, sat uneasily in the library over the magazines for an hour or two, reading, but remembering nothing. Then he thought he would try and see Virginie, and ask her about it himself.

"Virginie," he said, sadly, taking her hand, "tell me what it means. Am I not, in very truth, to call you daughter?"

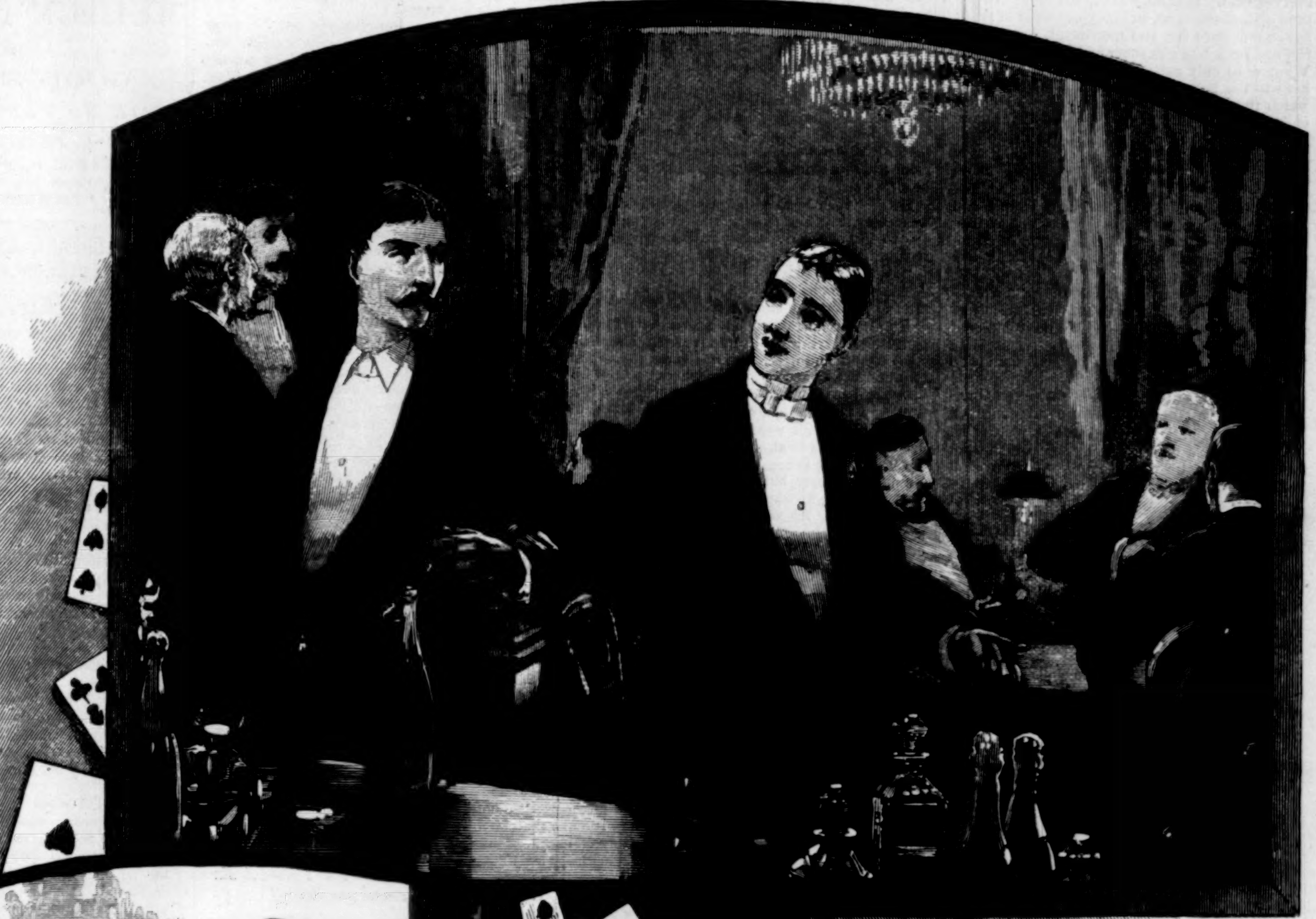
"No," she replied, "I can not become your daughter. But you must ask Guy to tell you the reason. He knows that it is impossible I should marry him; he has known it all along. Oh, why—why—did he ever try to persuade himself....it is incredible!"

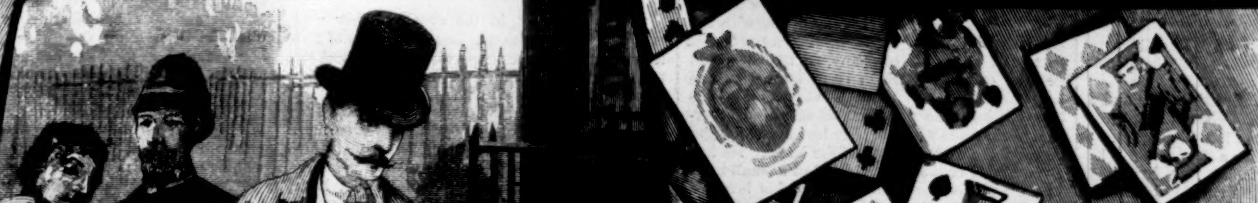
"If you can not tell me, my dear child," said Lord Ferrier, "I will not insist. It only remains for me to say how truly and deeply grieved I am at this blow."

"Oh! you have always been so kind to me, so very kind"—for the first time the girl began to cry about her broken engagement—"but I feel as if I were doing some dreadful ingratitude. Believe me, it is not my fault; indeed, indeed, it is not."

"I am sure it is not. The fault is wholly Guy's. Yet I lose a daughter; and it is very hard."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he left her, and went home and sat in his study, wondering by what sad fate the fruits and flowers which had promised to grace his old age were turning to dust and ashes. The older a man gets, the greater need for him to have always something before him, something full of light and sunshine and warmth. Virginie was to be the source of light and joy and warmth to the old man. Now she was to go. This was a dreadful thing to think of. He looked very old and bowed when Maude stole into the room, and sat before him, her cheek upon her hand, and sorrow and shame written on her face.





"'LET US GO BACK,' SAID THE YOUTH. 'IT'S MY DAY OUT; AND I'VE LOST A THOU.'"

"You bring no comfort, Maude," said her father. "Poor child! It is hard for you as well as for me."

"No, sir; no comfort, but—more trouble."

"Go on, my dear. Let me face the trouble—all the trouble that is in store for us. What fresh trouble?"

"It is no new trouble to me, sir. The knowledge of it has been my constant companion for long years. I have done my best to keep it from you; but now it can be kept no longer."

"What is it, Maude? What is this burden that I am not to share?"

"It is concerned with Guy. My dear father"—she threw herself at his feet in tears of pity and of shame—"do you know the manner of man that your son is?"

"What is he, Maude?"

"He says I am to tell you all; well—I will take him at his word. I will hide nothing from you. He is a hopeless gambler; he has lost year after year all the money he could get from you, all he could get from me; he has paid none of his tradesmen during all these years; he has raised all the money that could be raised by....by....the ways in which such money is raised. Do you understand all that I mean?"

"I believe I understand it all, Maude. What more?" His hand, which he laid upon her head, trembled, though his voice was firm.

"He has come to the end of everything. Unless he can raise within a few days some fifteen thousand pounds for immediate wants, including debts of honor, he will be made a bankrupt—and worse."

"He wants fifteen thousand pounds for immediate necessities." Lord Ferrier repeated the words slowly. "How much more will he want? What is the amount that he must raise?"

"I do not know."

"Is there anything more to learn, Maude?"

"No; I have told you all. Except the amount of his debts."

"Is this the reason why Virginie will not marry him?"

"I suppose so. I know no other reason. I am glad that the engagement is broken. It was my doing. I pressed Guy to clear himself by this rich marriage. I thought that we might save you from knowing anything. Yet I have had no happy moment since for thinking of the wretched fate I had prepared for that poor girl."

"Thank you, Maude." Her father spoke quietly, as if unmoved, as if it was a thing demanding attention, but not disaster.

"Leave me now. I must think over what I ought to do."

He sat thinking all the summer afternoon. He was never, himself, an ambitious man, but the Ferriers, from father to son, continually looked for the advent of that Ferrier who was going to lead his country to victory and triumph. He thought sadly of the hopes he had formed about his only son, the bright and beautiful boy who was going to be the greatest Ferrier of the line. These hopes had long since been dim, but they had never been altogether quenched; there was no reason why his son should not leave the Army, and enter upon a political career, though as yet he had shown no ambition. He had no tastes: this was a thing which his father had long lamented, but never understood till now. For when the passion for play seizes upon a man, it leaves no room for tastes of any kind. You can not possibly serve God and Mammon. And of all men in the world the player spends most time and most thought over Mammon. He openly worships him. Now even a buyer and seller of stocks has his Sundays.

As he pondered what would be best to do, a thought grew gradually in his brain, slowly taking shape, like a spectre, that there was only one thing left to do. If all the money was raised that could be raised—of course this meant on the reversionary interests; if there was no other way—there was still the last resource: he could, with his son's consent, bar the entail, and sell everything—even The Towers. And so an end of all!

He took some action; he wrote to his son, saying coldly that he had learned from Maude some of his difficulties. He ordered him to go at once to the family lawyers and draw up a complete statement of all his liabilities of every kind; and he added that until this were done, and some order taken with his affairs, Guy need not present himself.

That night Guy made his last appearance at the Green Grass Club, where he generally found the baccarat he loved so well.

Serious play generally begins about eleven, though there is a little irregular practice—a little duelling, at écarté—before then. It is about midnight that the members drop in from their various haunts, and take their places one after the other. Some of them were little more than mere boys, though their conversation was "grown up," and their knowledge of life—that is, some form of life—was precocious. Guy was one of the older men; he was so very old that he did not quite talk their slang. This is, indeed, a kind of tongue, like the purest Parisian of society, which changes every season. Besides, what to the young fellows fired with champagne, and inexperienced in arithmetic, was pure fun and merriment, was to Ferrier and some like him sober and serious business. What were only counters and ponies and monkeys to the lads, mere abstract sums of money, which they might lose or win without any difference, as they fondly thought, to themselves, were to the older men the means of satisfying ravenous creditors, meeting bills, and taking up promissory notes. The lads laughed and chattered about Regie and Freddy, and Nelly and Connie, and generally Jack and Jill; and told stories, and drank more champagne, and smoked cigarettes, and told more stories, and drank still more champagne, while the older hands kept cool, and watched the chances.

Guy was at first in bad luck. Before midnight he lost three hundred pounds. Then he began to win again, and won all back, and a hundred and fifty more. This was three o'clock. He thought he had won enough, and would go home.

Now there is an institution at the Green Grass Club—a very useful little institution to young men who desire to be swiftly and suddenly stripped. It consists of a buffet, where one can find light refreshments, with champagne, or brandy-and-soda. Guy was a little exhausted with the excitement of the game. He drank the greater part of a whole bottle.

Then one of the boys began talking to him.

"Let us go back," said this youth. "It's my day out; and I've lost a thou. But you're in luck, old chappie; you are not going to desert your luck?"

He went back; it was as if a rope dragged him to the table; he sat down and went on with the play.

They left off at seven. The sun had been up for four hours; the morning was bright and hot; there were lots of people already in the streets. And Guy had lost fifteen hundred pounds.

He walked home to his chambers in a kind of dream.

There were letters on the table; from Maude; she had told her father all: from his father; he knew all, and ordered him to make out his list: from certain gentlemen of the money-lending and bill-discounting business; their language was forcible rather than kind: from tradesmen: from "friends" who held his I O U's. The smash had come. Well, it had been coming a long time. It had been deferred by his engagement; but already everybody knew that it was off.

"As it has come," said Guy, "I shall go to bed. Curious. I wonder what will happen—What is this?"

It was only a little packet, with a ring and a bracelet—trifles which he had given Virginie.

He laughed as he put them into his pocket.

"Marrying would have been a deadly bore," he said. "I wonder how she took it? Nasty thing facing Violet, if she let herself rip. But perhaps she put her case quietly. One never knows what they will do. Pity too, for some reasons, that it didn't come off."

He had had his last fling in that paradise of flinging youth, London. Paris has its points. New York has its corners. But, for red-hot continued flinging, there is, perhaps, no capital in the world like London. Now, as the first rule among the joyous companies is that he who flings must pay, it may be very well understood that Guy Ferrier was seen no more at his club or among any of his former associates. Nor do they at this moment know what has become of him!

CHAPTER XII.

POOR TOM.

The smash was quite as complete as any that has ever been enjoyed by Prodigal Son. The thing is generally very much dreaded before it comes; yet it has its enjoyable points while it lasts. Nobody is so important *during the conduct of his case* as the bankrupt. It is afterward, when the eyes of the world are no longer upon him, that the flatness sets in. Guy Ferrier felt, on the whole, happier when the crisis had arrived, though he could no longer go to his clubs, and though he had to spend a part of each day with lawyers, making out a list of liabilities which showed a really sublime contempt for the rules of addition, multiplication, and compound interest. Yet no man can afford to disregard science, and the end of such as do is certain.

It was, indeed, a noble list, regarded only as what a young man with but a small allowance and expectations of a moderate kind can achieve in ten years. The contemplation of it raised a kind of rapture in the minds of those who read it. One felt proud of one's country, since it can produce such heroes in prodigality; and one marvelled at the man who could calmly see the whole of these thousands thrown headlong into the sea, getting nothing for them at all except the usual wage of the spendthrift, now about to be paid to him.

There is one way, and only one way, in which such a list in such a case can be met and discharged. It is a complicated way, and involves all kinds of other things; but in its broad principle it is simple. The way is for the heir and the tenant in possession to unite in barring the entail. When this is done, the family acres may be sold and the debts paid. It is a cruel way, because it destroys the House. The only way in which a family is kept together, and kept in the front place won by their ancestors, is by their lands and by their title. The latter can not be sold, but the former can, and a penniless Lord may hide his head, and let the title die. The longer the line, the older the house, the more cruel a thing it is; for a man whose ambitions lay not in his own achievements but in those of the future, the thing was most dreadful.

Lord Ferrier accepted the position. His house was ruined. They could never again lift up their heads; his son was hopeless; they must save his honor somehow, if that could be done, and then find some quiet corner where, with his daughter, he could, sad and sorrowful, wait the end of his days.

"Go, Maude," he said—"go to take your last look at The Towers. I have no heart to go. When the papers are signed we shall be homeless. Perhaps we may somehow save enough from the wreck to live upon in some humble way."

He knew now that his daughter's fortune was gone long before—thrown by his son as a sop to his creditors. They had no longer any secrets.

"Perhaps, Maude," he said, with a smile—"perhaps people may believe that I *can* paint, after all. We may sell the pictures."

He uttered no reproaches, and made no complaints. Everything that he loved the most had come to ruin and wreck; he was going to lose all that he least looked to lose—through no fault of his. A hard and cruel case, somehow made worse by the knowledge that the man who had done the mischief was dead to repentance, and grieved only for himself.

Once Maude asked him if he would see Guy. He made no reply, but he shuddered.

As for Guy, he showed no sign of wishing to see anybody. He vanished. He was no more seen; he could not go to his club until his debts of honor were paid; he did not appear in any of his usual haunts. But he had some sense of honor left. He wrote to all, and told them—what they knew already—that he was in a mess, and that his affairs were in his lawyer's hands. With that they were fain to be content. But many men—men of small means and vaulting ambition—who liked to play with those who could lose without caring much, and who looked for a prompt settlement of such claims, swore loudly and felt badly about Captain Ferrier.

I think that in those days be went o' nights to a certain obscure corner which exists in Soho. A good many curious and interesting things go on in that *quartier*. One hears stories from time to time; but it is difficult to get such an introduction to those houses as will allay suspicion, and gentlemen of the press would probably find themselves a hinderance rather than otherwise to the programme of the evening. At the house which Guy found out, a few Russians, Frenchmen, and other foreigners, chiefly of low degree, meet nightly, and dally in a small way with the Goddess of Chance. Captain Ferrier was not particular about his company, so that he could get the excitement which is to some souls as necessary as ardent drink to others. He was happy if he came away the winner of a sovereign; he cursed his luck if he lost five shillings; he came the earliest, and left the latest. He had given up his chambers, and lived at a small hotel whose address was known only to his lawyers, and I think that he was happier in those days, living in this hole-and-corner way, punting for sixpences, than when he was plunging for hundreds and looking forward to the crisis. There was no champagne, but there was brandy-and-water.

In those days Percival plucked up heart of grace and called often upon Virginie; and they took counsel together. It was well on in July; the season was nearly over. Mrs. Hallowes, who went in sadness, having lost the most important persons on her visiting list, was talking of the sea-side. But Virginie had other thoughts in her head. She had not yet written to her mother and her guardian about the breaking of the engagement, which lasted but a short fortnight. She was thinking of another and a more excellent way of telling them.

It was concerning the more excellent way that Percival advised her. His arguments were forcible; and he spoke with plainness, and to no unwilling ears.

"Why stay here?" he asked her. "Everything in London will remind you of—of things you would gladly forget. You have endured a most cruel outrage at the hands of your own people. London will never be a happy place for you again."

"No, never," she replied. "I can never think of London again except with pain. And I shall always remember Lord Ferrier's kindness."

"Go out yourself," he went on. "The mail starts in a fortnight. Carry yourself the news of your freedom."

She clasped her hands, and her eyes sparkled.

"Then there is Tom," the tempter added, softly.

She blushed, but replied not.

"You do not know"—he pleaded the cause of the absent Tom as warmly as if it were his own—"you can not understand the perfect love with which he looks upon you. As for me and the rest of us, of course you know already that we love you just as much; but Tom of course comes first."

"Oh, Mr. Percival," said Virginie, with a rosy blush upon her cheek, and a sweet smile in her eyes, "you must not say such things to me." Yet in Palmiste such things had been said to her without meeting any objections.

"You will let me say such things, Virginie, because I am an old admirer, and you know that I do not presume any farther—while Tom is in the way; for Tom is different: he has watched you grow up beside him; his love is a part of his being; without you he is imperfect; you have been his companion from the time you could run about; you lisped his name almost the first of any; you have felt his affection about you and around you from the beginning. Virginie, is it possible that you could forget him?"

"I have never forgotten him," she said. "How could I ever forget him?"

"Yet you promised yourself to another."

"Yes," she said, humbly. "But still I had not forgotten him. Can you not understand that he was always my brother?"

"No, I can not. Because, you see, he never was. People may call themselves brothers and sisters as much as they please, but they can not create that relationship by any amount of calling. And if you loved him still, how could you—"

"I never loved my cousin at all," said Virginie. "Do not think worse of me than I deserve. I respected the man whose character Maude described; and they were very kind to me; and Lord Ferrier loved me; and it was what my father would have liked."

"Then, now that you are free, now that you can do so, remember the only man who has the right to ask you for your hand."

"You forget," she said, gently, "that things are not as they were. He has lost his faith in me. If he entertained—those feelings—once, they must have been destroyed—by myself. What respect can he have left for a girl who engaged herself—as I did—to such a man? I can not explain to him as I have explained to you."

"He will know that you were deceived; he will say to himself that you—"

"Yes, he will make excuses for me; but can he ever think again as he did before?"

"You would not ask that question if you knew and could understand what a man's love is. Virginie, it isn't a question of whether he thinks a little better or a little worse of you. All that is nothing. He *loves you*. Whatever you did, he would love you still. If you were to lose your beauty, he would love you still. If you were to go away and desert him for a hundred and fifty years, he would love you just as much when you came back. It isn't your beauty, or your grace, or your virtue, or your sweetness that he loves; it is yourself."

"Has he told you all this?"

"No; he never talked about you."

"How, then, do you know it?"

"Because, Virginie, I know the man; and because I judge him by myself. For I love you in just about the same way myself. You are my ideal woman, as you are his."

The tears came into her eyes.

"What," she asked, "can a woman say or do that is worthy of this gift of love? You, who judge him by yourself, plead for him. Heaven knows it wants little pleading. You are so generous and so loyal to him that I can not but do your will. It shall be as you desire."

"Elsie," he said, in the evening—they were taking a stroll in the cool and leafy lanes of Battersea Park; it was nearly nine o'clock, and the sweet breath of summer was in the air—"Elsie, I have had an agitated day."

"Has your novel gone wrong, then?"

"No; there are one or two things even more important than the novel, though that will prove an Epoch-maker. What I was engaged upon was more important. You know, of course, Elsie, that I have always been in love with Virginie."

"Yes, you have told me so a thousand times."

"Have I really?—so often? Yet it is a delightful subject to talk about—nothing more so. Being in love, then, and fully acquainted with the various phases of that interesting passion, I judge of Tom's feelings by my own."

"Yes, that seems natural—if Tom does feel like you."

"Of course he does. Now consider the case. The young lady has suffered a great wrong; but things might have been much worse, because she might have been in love with the man who did the wrong. That, I am happy to say, is not the case. Not at all. She never really cared a straw about him; she has been insulted and outraged by the abominable wickedness of the creature, but her deeper feelings are untouched. Now here is Tom's chance. Therefore I went there this morning to plead his cause."

"Why not your own, since you love her so much?"

"You are a foolish child, Elsie. I told you that Tom must come first. And after a great deal of beating about the bush, because one never quite knows in what light the thing is regarded by the person one is trying to persuade, I succeeded. Yes, Elsie," he continued, triumphantly, "Virginie will marry Tom. That is the news I have to tell you."

"And you?"

"Why, I go on just the same. It has been a great happiness to me to love this sweet and beautiful woman. She will always remain to me the crown of womanhood. Perhaps I should be almost afraid of marrying her. Perhaps it is better to worship at a distance."

"Perhaps," said Elsie, a little jealously, "you might find out that she is not altogether the goddess you think."

"And what a dreadful thing that would be to discover!" said Percival. "Now, if I marry a girl whom I know not to be a goddess, that would be better, wouldn't it?"

"I should think so," said Elsie, blushing—she hardly knew why. But nobody was there to see it, so it didn't matter.

"Yes; much better. If, for instance, you and I were to marry."

"Oh, Mr. Percival!"

"If you would not be jealous, and think that because I have loved Virginie I can not find any love for you. But I thought you ought to know the whole truth."

"Oh, Mr. Percival! What will Violet say?"

"You are a very dear and good little Elsie. We will go into that partnership, then. I've got no money; you've got no money. We will club our resources. And perhaps we needn't move our quarters. And now, my child, as there is nobody in this lane but ourselves, put up your lips and let me kiss you, and tell me that you won't be jealous. Petrarch always made them say that."

[to be continued.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Solomon B. Grace, the man who was so civil to Sarah Mansell at the Custom-house, was, in his way, a rough and sturdy example of the species Pinder; and on his way to and from the Custom-house he used always to stand stock-still for two minutes and gaze at the windows of a house in One-hundred-and-fourth Street, that belonged to one Elizabeth Haynes. Two minutes is not long for a busy man to spare to the past, and Solomon had never been detected at the weakness. But to-day Elizabeth Haynes caught sight of him as she put on her bonnet at a glass to go out, and when she did come out at the door, there he was gazing at the windows.

Mrs. Haynes was a handsome, gay young woman, of a genial disposition. She knew very well what Solomon was up to, but useless sentiment was not her line.

"Well," said she, feigning astonishment, "is that you, Mr. Grace, standing there like a petrified policeman?" Solomon was too confounded to answer. "Perhaps you want apartments;" and she pointed to the card in the window.

"Perhaps I wanted a sight of the lady that lets 'em."

"Then why not knock at the door and ask for the lady?"

"Wa'al, I guess rejected suitors ain't always the most welcome callers."

"Why not? If they behave themselves, do you really think any woman hates a man for having been a little sweet on her? Next time don't watch the premises, but walk right in and tell me the news from out West."

"Wa'al," said he, hesitating, "ye see, I don't want no fuss. Now there's somebody in that house that riles me. He has got a good thing, and doesn't vally it. He gambles away all your money, and he is never at home. You were married to one Illinois man, and he respected you and loved you; and what mad dog bit you that you must go and marry a stranger? You had the whole State to pick from."

"And Mr. Solomon Grace in particular! You forget I'm a stranger myself. I'm not annexed to your State."

Solomon admitted this, but said it was an oversight in the Constitootion.

"Now this," said she, "is why rejected suitors are not welcome to prudent women and good wives. They must run down the man we have chosen, and behind his back, too, nine times out of ten."

"I'm darned if it isn't mean—as mean as dirt."

This concession seemed so creditable that she invited him to be her beau—as far as the market.

Solomon could not believe his good fortune. She laughed at him, and enlightened him. "Give me a fair excuse, do you think I wouldn't rather have a decent man beside me than take my walks alone? What a bad opinion you must have of woman's sense! I do suppose that gentleman you are named after knew 'em better. To be sure, he had six hundred teachers, poor man!"

"I would give his lot for my one."

"Solomon," said Mrs. Haynes, severely, "flattery is poison, so come on. I won't stand still to be poisoned." So she went shopping, and continued at it long after she had parted with Solomon Grace.

Mrs. Mansell wandered on and on, and then back, to and fro, Lucy prattling gayly, and almost irritating her, until she turned hungry. Then her mother bought her a piece of pie with the only coin in her pocket, but could not eat herself. Night fell, the lamps were lighted; foot-sore, weary, and sick at heart, she could hardly draw her limbs along, and began to ask herself bitterly what she had done to be abandoned again and again by everybody. But in truth she was not abandoned by all; a wise and just Providence was guiding her every step. At last she stopped in despair, and began to speak her mind to Lucy, since there was no one else.

"It is inconsiderate, it is cruel," said she, "and me a stranger in this great city. Why couldn't he take me up with him to look for lodgings? Oh, Lucy, my mind misgives me."

"Sit down on those steps, mamma," said Lucy, with pretty affection.

"Indeed I shall be glad to rest a bit."

She sat down on the door-steps, and thoughts tormented her she could not utter to Lucy. This must be their old enemy, Drink. He had looked so pale and exhausted. Oh, if it was! Misery! for the habit once resumed, after so long abstinence, would never be got rid of. Here was a miserable prospect, and in a foreign land as well: no friends to curb him or stand by her. And then, if he got drunk, he would be robbed. How lucky she had sewed up the notes in his waistcoat! The money! Another chill thought went through her like an ice-bolt. Why had she parted with it? She had been warned that whilst she held it she held her husband. It was but a momentary horror. She dismissed that suspicion as unworthy and monstrous, and was ashamed of herself for harboring so base a fear.

Lucy saw the change in her distressed face, and came to a simple, comprehensive conclusion: "Mamma, he is a wicked man."

Sarah was shocked at this from her. "No, no, my child; he is a good man, and your father."

"Then fathers don't love us like uncles do. Uncle Joe would never have left us like this. I wish I had never left home."

Sarah would not say that; but she sighed deeply, and rocked herself, country fashion, sitting on the stone steps.

Mrs. Haynes came back to her tea, and found her in that condition, while Lucy, standing beside her, opened two glorious eyes with sorrowful amazement. For a moment Mrs. Haynes thought they were beggars, but the next her eye took in almost at one glance their dress and neat appearance, and Lucy's ear-rings, pearl and gold.

She asked Mrs. Mansell civilly what was the matter—was she tired?

Mrs. Mansell looked up, and said, sorrowfully, that she was in care and trouble. She had lost her husband.

"What, dead?"

"Nay, Heaven forbid! But we parted on the quay. He went to look for lodgings, and he never came back. I don't know what to think nor what to do, I'm sure."

"Dear me," said the other; "and you a stranger in the country!"

Sarah sighed.

"And it is late for the child to be out."

Sarah gave her a glance of maternal gratitude, and passed her arm round her child at the very idea of any harm threatening her.

Mrs. Haynes looked well at them both, and liked their faces even better than their appearance. She said, good-naturedly, "You had better step in and rest yourselves awhile, and then we'll see."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am; I'm sure it is very good of you."

Mrs. Haynes opened the door with a latch-key and led the way to a back room of mixed character. There was a French bed in it with curtains descending from a circular frame. There was also a chest of drawers, and a sort of plate-chest on them; a large easy-chair, much worn; and a round table, with a white cloth on it—in short, it was an unpretending snuggery.

"There, take off your bonnets and make yourselves comfortable," said Mrs. Haynes. And while they were doing this, she whispered an order to her maid—her name was Millicent. Then she took cups and saucers out of a cupboard and wiped them herself; and they talked all this while, she and Mrs. Mansell.

A housekeeper's vanity is always on the alert the moment a possible rival comes; so, as Mrs. Mansell looked like a person with a house of her own, Mrs. Haynes said: "You mustn't go by this room; mine is a beautiful house, but I take lodgers, and it is so full that I have to pig anywhere. It doesn't matter much, you know, when one's husband is away."

Lucy listened, and informed her mother, with some surprise, that the young lady was married.

"Why, bless the child, I have been married twice. The first was an Illinois man. Ah! he was a husband! This time it is Matthew Haynes, an Englishman. I can't show him you, for he has gone home to draw a legacy, and that takes time." She paused a moment to pour out the tea.

"Are you a New York lady, if you please?" inquired Sarah.

Mrs. Haynes, poising the tea-pot in the air, smiled at her simplicity. "No," said she. "Are *you?* Why, we both speak country English as broad as a barn door. Bless your heart, I knew you for a country-woman the moment you opened your mouth, and I shouldn't be surprised if we came from the very same part. I be Wiltshire."

"And I'm Barkshire, born and bred."

"Didn't I tell 'ee?"

Here Millicent came in with a large dish of fried oysters.

"You don't get such oysters as these in Barkshire, let me tell ye."

"That we don't. I never saw so many all at one time."

The hostess helped them liberally, and the wanderers enjoyed them to the full, and their eyes brightened, and the color came back to their faces, and when, like a true wife, Mrs. Haynes said, "Now tell me about yours," Mrs. Mansell was more communicative than she would have been to an older acquaintance.

"Oh, my man is an excellent husband. Indeed, he hasn't a fault that I know of, except he takes a drop now and then."

"Oh, they all do that at odd times," said the other, carelessly.

"And even that he has given up," said Sarah, earnestly. "Only he was so ill at sea and exhausted like. How else to account for his behavior, I can't think; and you know they are sometimes obliged to take a glass medicinal."

"Ay, that is their chat; and 'tis the only medicine where one glass leads to another. There, don't you begin to fret again. You'll see yours long before I shall see mine." Then she observed that Lucy could not keep her eyes open. So she went farther than she had intended at first; she determined to let them sleep in the house. "Take your bonnets," said she, "and come with me." She opened one of two folding-doors, and showed them into a larger parlor, with a bachelor's bed in it. The carpet was up, and stood in a roll, but everything was clean. "There, this room is let, but not till twelve to-morrow; you must excuse disorder. You put the little love to bed, and then we will have our chat out. Ah," said she, with a sudden change of manner that was sweet and touching, "I had a little girl by my first husband; she would be about the age of yours if I could have kept her alive; so my heart warmed to yours the moment I saw her standing beside you on my step, and her young eyes full of love and trouble."

Mrs. Haynes cried a little at this picture and her own sad reminiscences, and the happy mother kissed the sorrowful one, and she kissed her in return. Then Mrs. Haynes withdrew and summoned her maid, and she cleared away the things, and then they cleaned the cups and saucers and had a gossip, for Mrs. Haynes must have somebody to talk to. She was well educated, not like Deborah Smart: for all that, she never read a book now, and those who won't read must talk.

The folding-doors were thin, and did not meet very close; the new wood had shrunk: and Sarah, without intending it, heard a word every now and then, but she paid no attention. The first thing the careful mother did was to thrust her hand and arm all down the bed inside; and she instantly resolved not to put her girl into it. She told her she should not undress her. So Lucy knelt at her knee, and said her prayers. When she had done, she asked if she might pray for the good lady.

"Ay, do, dear, and so shall I. It's all we can do for her." She pulled down the counterpane, laid Lucy on the blanket, and put a shawl over her. All this time she was thinking, and now her thoughts found vent. "My girl, is it not strange that those who are sworn to stay by us, and we by them, should fail us, and that a lady who never saw our faces before should open her arms and her house to us, because we are strangers in a foreign land? God bless her!"

There was a loud knock at the street door. It was followed by an eager exclamation from the other room: "Oh, Milly! Why, sure that's my husband's knock."

"Oh! I hope it is," cried Sarah, as Millicent and her mistress dashed into the passage.

There was a moment of suspense, and then joyful exclamations in the passage.

"It *is*, Lucy; I am so glad," Sarah cried.

"So am I, mamma."

"This way! this way!" screamed Mrs. Haynes, pulling what seemed to Sarah to be rather an undemonstrative husband into her little room. "I must have him all to myself." Then there was a long and warm embrace.

Sarah was somehow conscious of what was going on. She sat down by Lucy, and said, a little sadly, "Ay, they are happy, those two." Then, cheerfully, "Well, my turn *must* come."

Sarah Mansell did not hear exactly what was said next, but I will tell the reader.

Mrs. Haynes, who had now turned the gas up, was concerned at her husband's appearance. "La!" said she, "how pale you look! Sit down in your own chair." (He staggered a little, but got into the chair all right.) "I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Tea be blowed!" said he, roughly.

Sarah heard that where she sat, with her cheek against Lucy's. She started away from her, half puzzled, half amazed.

"Gimme—drop brandy," said the man, louder still.

Sarah bounded with one movement into the middle of the room, and then stood panting. Even Lucy raised herself on her hands in the bed, and her eyes opened wide.

"I doubt you have had enough of that already," was the reply in the next room. "Why, now I think of it, you must have come by the steamboat eight hours ago. How many have you liquored with before your wife's turn came?"

"I don't know," said he, like a dog's bark, loud and sharp and sullen.

Lucy heard, and slipped off the bed to her mother, full of curiosity. "Why, mamma," said she, "that's—"

Before she could say the word, Sarah closed the child's mouth with her hand almost fiercely; then held her tight, and pressed the now terrified girl's face against her own body.

All the woman's senses were so excited that she heard through the doors as if they had been paper. And this is what she heard this man say, who was her husband and the husband of the woman that had sheltered her.

"If you *must* know, I was faint, and troubled in my mind, and just took one glass to keep my heart up and clear my head, and then one led to another. Never you mind. I'm a good husband to *you*, the best in England—no, the best in New York—the best in all the world; d'ye hear?"

"Yes," said the other wife, "I hear the good news; but please don't bawl it so loud." Then she whispered something.

Sarah caught her girl up like a baby, was at the bed in a moment, laid her on it, and dared her to move with such a look and such a commanding gesture as the girl had never seen before. Then hissing out, "I'll know all if it kills me," she glided back like a serpent to the door. She put her ear to the very aperture.

Matthew Haynes, *alias* James Mansell, lowered his voice. "You don't know the sacrifice, curse it all. One drop of brandy, for mercy's sake."

"Only one, then." She gave him a glass. He gulped it down.

"Ah!—It is no use snivelling; I didn't mean to do it this way. But it was sure to come to this. I was in a cleft stick."

"What ever is the man maundering about?" said Elizabeth. "Oh, cursed liquor!"

The moment she raised her voice, he raised his. "D'ye want to wrangle? It isn't for you to grumble! *You* are all right. I've got the four hundred pounds I wired you about!"

He uttered these words, not loudly, but very impressively, syllable by syllable.

And syllable by syllable they seemed to enter Sarah Mansell's body like javelins made of ice. The poor creature shrank altogether at first, and then slowly stretched herself out. Her arms strangely contorted themselves in agony, but at last spread feebly out, and her hands clutched vaguely, as if she was on a real cross, as well as on a cross of mental anguish; and when, after a few words of explanation, that told her nothing more, the other woman said, "Well, you are a good husband; I must kiss you." The limp body and drooping head of the true wife sank helpless against the door with a strange sound; it was gentle, yet heavy and corpse-like.

[to be continued.]

SEND THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Amongst the dirt and noise and heat
Of a tenement district city street,
Where the summer air is a poisonous breath,
Heavily laden with seeds of death,
Where grass and trees are things unknown,
Where sorrow and sin are the harvests sown,
Are thousands of little children.

Their faces are thin and sad and worn,
Their garments scanty, faded, and torn;
Many are lame and some are blind,
Others are feeble in body or mind;
And those who are well have a weary air,
As though their life-burdens were heavy to bear,
Too heavy for little children.

But far away from the city's din,
Far away from its want and sorrow and sin,
In country homes, where God's pure air
Finds ready access everywhere—
On breezy hill-sides, in valleys deep,
Or where old ocean lulls to sleep—
Waits a welcome for little children.

No matter how poor, or feeble, or ill
The "Fresh air Fund" has a royal will
To do for all what it does for one.
Then out from the dirt and noise and heat,
Into the summer air fresh and sweet,
'Mong the grass and trees and blooming wheat,
Send the weary little children.

CATS AND THE WEATHER.

Cats have the reputation of being weather-wise, an old notion which has given rise to a most extensive folk-lore. It is almost universally believed that good weather may be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. As, too, the cat is supposed not only to have a good knowledge of the state of the weather, but a certain share in the arrangement of it, it is considered by sailors to be most unwise to provoke it. Hence they do not much like to see a cat on board at all, and when one happens to be more frisky than usual, they have a popular saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." A charm often resorted to for raising a storm is to throw a cat overboard; but, according to a Hungarian proverb, as a cat does not die in water, its paws disturb the surface; hence the flaws on the surface of the water are nicknamed by sailors "cats'-paws." In the same way, also, a larger flurry on the water is a "cat's-skin"; and in some parts of England a popular name for the stormy northwest wind is the "cat's-nose." Amongst other items of weather-lore associated with the cat, there is a superstition in Germany that if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is an infallible sign that they have a spite against them, owing to their not having treated these animals well. We may also compare the Dutch idea that a rainy wedding-day results from the bride's neglecting to feed her cat; whereas in the valleys of the Tyrol girls who are fond of cats are said always to marry early, perhaps, as Mrs. Busk remarks, "an evidence that household virtues are appreciated in them by the men." Once more, there is a German belief that any one who during his lifetime may have made cats his enemies, is certain to be accompanied to the grave amidst a storm of wind and rain.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Nebraska Granger was elected County Commissioner on the strength of his unswerving opposition to the railroads. After he had been in office a short time a discussion of the matter of free passes arose, which resulted in the discovery that the Granger was riding as a dead-head, and charging the county at the rate of three hundred dollars a year for railway fares.

While the terrible July heat was the most oppressive, a white crape was put on the door of a tenement-house in Cherry Street, in this city, where a child had died. Eight days later the crape was still there, nine other children having died in the house.

From the fact that a cannon stood on the wharf at the village of Dobbs Ferry on a recent Sunday, and a large force of special deputy-sheriffs paraded the river-bank armed with clubs and revolvers, it would seem fair to infer that the excursionists who were expected to arrive there from the city would not have been cordially welcomed. This conjecture is strengthened by the declaration of one of the village trustees that they were ready to resort to grape and canister, if necessary, to keep the visitors away.

The climate of Egypt is generally supposed to be warm; but what would the English forces have thought if they had had to conduct their operations of the closing week of July in New York?

"It is believed," writes a correspondent, "that Arabi Pasha has Europeans advising him." A glance at the leading editorial articles in the up-country dailies of our own land is sufficient to confirm the suspicion that Arabi is getting any amount of advice from Americans.

A Philadelphia man told the trustees of a church that if they would permit him to place a memorial window in the edifice, he would make the church society a handsome present. The church was not rich, and the trustees gladly accepted the offer. When the drawing of the proposed window was shown to them, they beheld a representation of heaven, with a winding path leading up to the gate, in which stood Gabriel ready to extend a cordial welcome to the donor of the window, who was trudging up the path. The trustees reconsidered their acceptance of the window and the money gift.

The Chicago police patrol are to be furnished with wagons having India rubber tires on the wheels. With this improvement it is expected that a resident may be restored to his family late at night without attracting the morbid curiosity of the entire neighborhood.

A lecturer on æsthetic topics has been making the most of the absence of Oscar Wilde from London. This rival of the absent leader condemns coats, vests, and hats, and attacks trousers with especial ferocity. He says that the dress worn by men at the present day is, as a whole, idiotic. Tailless coats, trousers stopping at the knee, and shirts without starched fronts are what he advocates. He would entirely do away with pockets, even the pistol pocket.

At the time of the bombardment of Alexandria there were published in that city three daily newspapers in the French language, two in Arabic, two in Italian, and one each in Greek and English. The largest circulation was about five thousand. Besides these, there were six weekly papers—two in French, two in Arabic, one in Italian, and one in English. The paper having the largest circulation in Egypt was probably *Egyptian Events*, the government organ, printed in Cairo, and circulating about ten thousand copies.

It is noted as a curious coincidence that just one year before the English fleet bombarded Alexandria and set fire to the city, the French vessels bombarded and burned the city of Sfax, in Tunis. Both events occurred on the 16th of July.

The closing events in the career of the late Fun Chew, a laundryman in Passaic, New Jersey, passed with noteworthy celerity. He was seized in the forenoon with colic. Before noon he had shot himself. He died early in the afternoon, and at six o'clock he was buried with Chinese ceremonies. His brother, Ah Lung, placed all of his effects in a trunk, and burned them at nightfall on the river-bank. When the day closed, a small mound of ashes was all that was left to tell that Fun Chew had lived.

It is announced that the Secretary of the Navy is about to send two war vessels to sea "to test their seaworthiness." Happy thought! There are few things more essential to the naval standing of a great nation in these modern times than that its vessels shall be capable of floating.

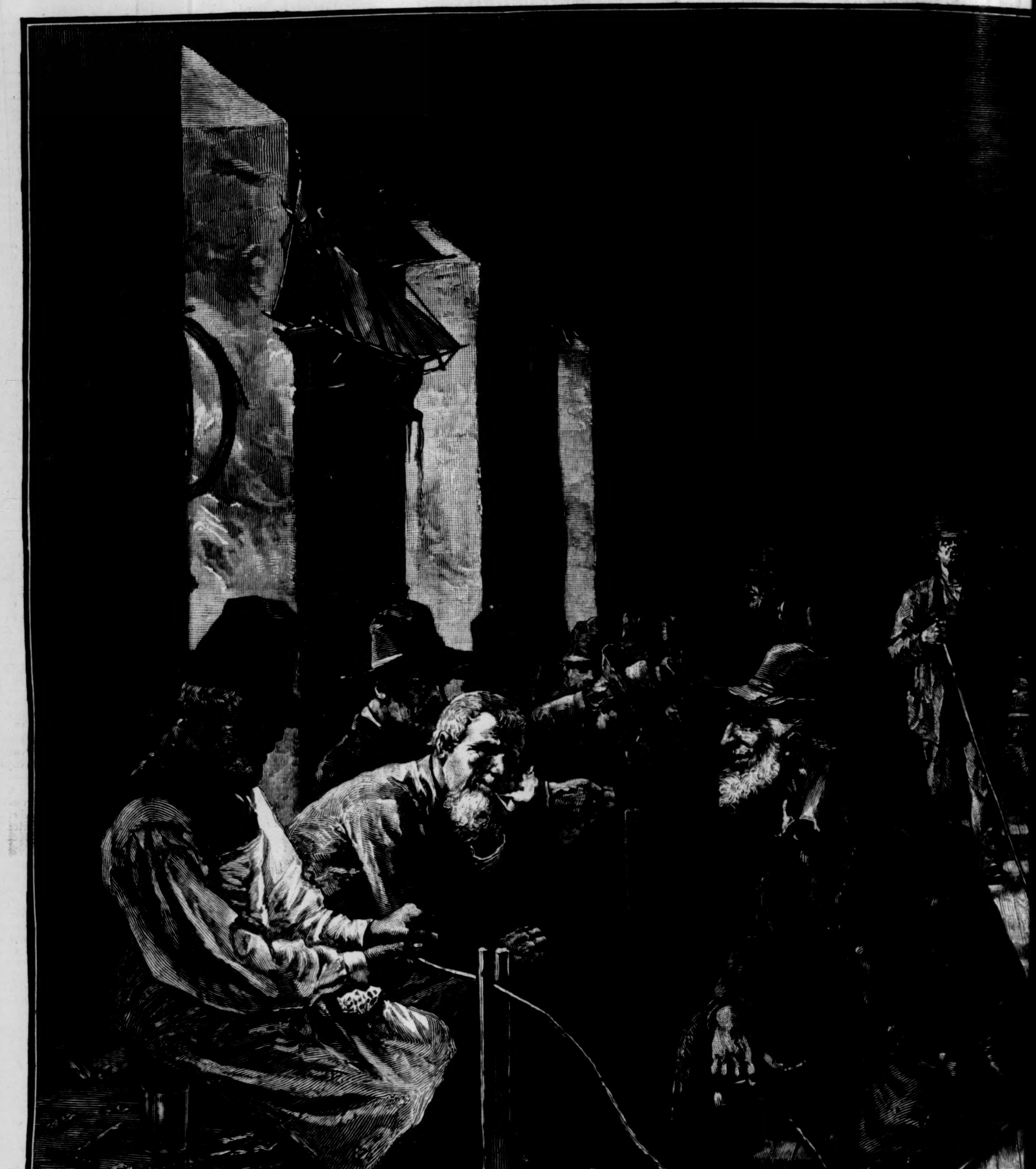
The manner in which the Egyptian gunners stood at their posts in the bombarded forts has given rise to the suspicion that they were base-ball umpires from America.

Many years ago the Rev. Thomas Kelley, of Nashville, Tennessee, a Methodist missionary, brought a Chinese lad to America and placed him in a theological school. The Chinese boy adopted the name of his patron, and afterward went back to China as a missionary. He returned to this country and labored among the Chinese of the West. The name by which he was known in China was lost, and when he died recently in the county hospital at Denver, Colorado, he was known only as "the Rev. Thomas Kelley, the Chinese Methodist missionary." A Methodist church society in Denver gave him a Christian burial.

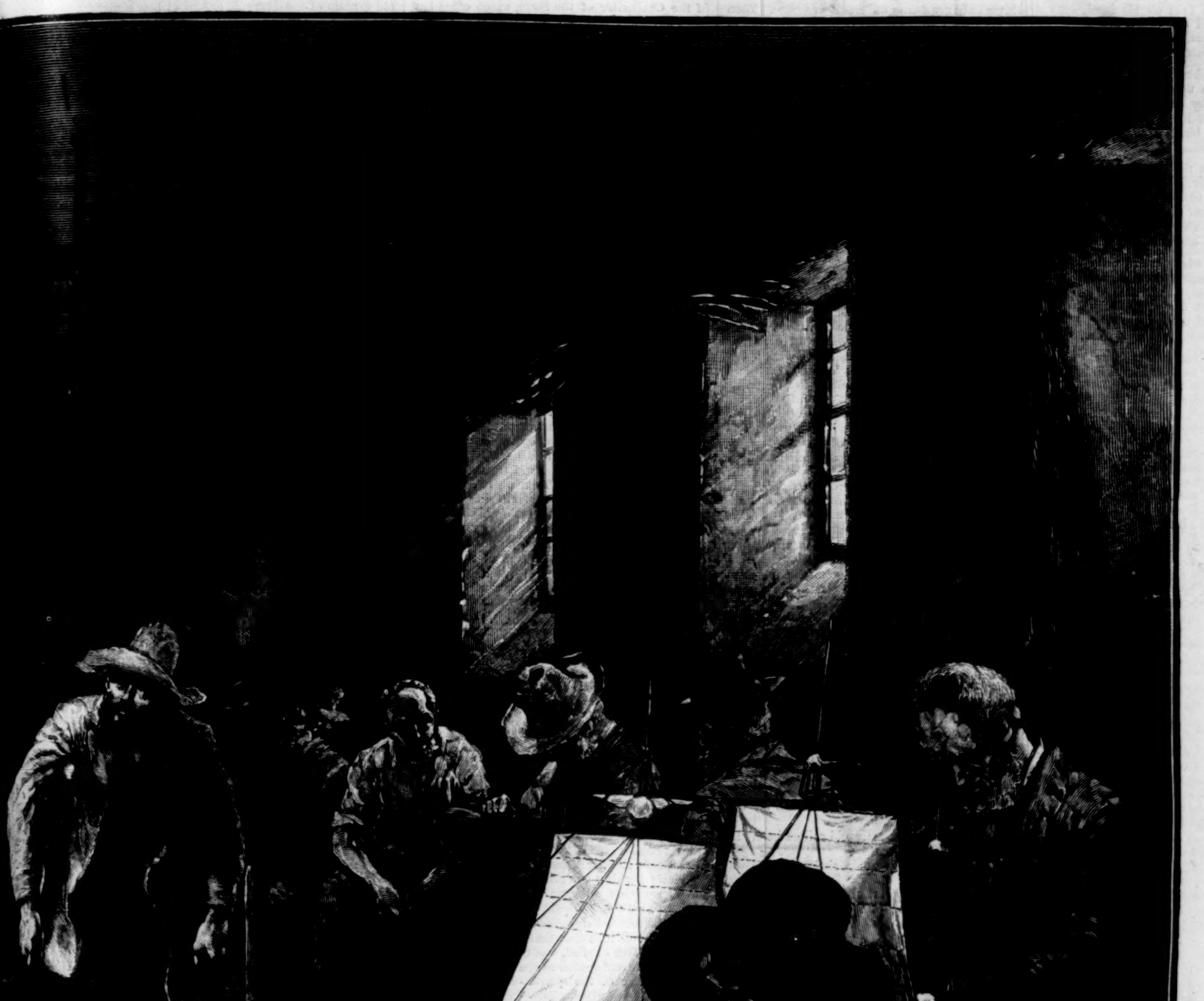
Complaints having been made to a firm of New Haven merchants that they were giving short weight to some of their customers, they overhauled their scales, and found a big rat in the box under the platform. The account says that the lively rodent had been jumping from one side of the delicately-balanced levers to the other, now giving the customer overweight and now underweight. The members of the firm insist that the creature was not an educated rat, and they believe that their loss has been more than their gain.

Arabi Pasha wants a thousand Kentucky mules, and if the English know how to profit by an opportunity, they will cheerfully assist him in procuring them. As a dynamite cartridge is to a fire-cracker, so is a Kentucky mule to an Egyptian donkey.

Several weeks ago a cable dispatch was received from England, asking whether the British volunteers, who are to compete in the international military rifle match at Creedmoor in September, would be permitted to wear their uniforms on United States territory. A reply was sent to the effect that there would be no objection, and to allay any doubts that might linger with the Englishmen, permission for them to wear their uniforms was obtained from the national and the State authorities. Then came another message from London saying that the British government had forbidden its volunteers to wear their uniforms in the United States, and that the match could not take place unless the English team were permitted to shoot as civilians, in a special uniform gotten up for the occasion. Word was sent substantially to the effect that they would be welcomed in any toggery in which they might see fit to present themselves; and thus a great international question was settled without bloodshed, or even resort to arbitration.



SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND—TH



-ROOM.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 506.]

THE LETTER-CARRIER.

His daily round with patient tread
  The trusty letter-carrier goes,
Though summer suns beat on his head,
  Or round him whirl the winter's snows;
Through rain and sleet, through cold and heat,
He follows his appointed beat.

Arrayed in suit of sober gray,
  His leathern pouch upon his side,
And loitering never by the way,
  He presses on with lusty stride:
Alert and strong, he bowls along
Unheedful of the jostling throng.

Yet oft a moment at the door
  Of lowly cot or mansion proud
He pauses, from his varied store
  To yield a part, with summons loud.
From near and far—where gleams the Star
Or glows the Cross—his tidings are.

But who may guess what fateful news
  Each well-sealed packet doth inclose!
Hard words, perchance, that beat and bruise
  The quivering heart like angry blows,
Or bounteous store of tender lore
From Love or Friendship, running o'er.

Shall we not ask, "Good carrier, pray
  What message for that smiling maid
Hast brought but now from far away?
  What word to yonder matron staid?
Why trembled so the hand of snow
That clutched the letter black with woe?"

"Nay, question not—ye ask in vain:
  My task to carry, not to know
The secrets, or of joy or pain,
  These letters bear to high or low."
And lane and street the sounds repeat
Of summons loud and hurrying feet.

So day by day, through lengthening years,
  The trusty carrier comes and goes,
Unconscious scatt'ring smiles and tears,
  Life's radiant joys, it's sombre woes,
And seeking still, with patient will,
His humble duty to fulfill.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

A group of weather-beaten old sailors sat in the shade of a generous elm on the north shore of Staten Island, and placidly smoked their pipes in the heat of the mid-day sun. They were battered and maimed and aged, and showed the effects of tempestuous lives in wrinkled faces and knotted hands, but they smoked in the calm contentment of men who had no further cares, and were pleasantly drifting onward without anxiety.

Before them was the Kill von Kull, alive with craft of every kind, from the monstrous excursion steamers, throbbing and thumping heavily toward Coney Island, to the slender racing shells that shot spasmodically about. Occasionally a cleanly built yacht would bowl up the channel, with the water hissing over her bows and bubbling wildly astern, or a stanch freight schooner or brig would sail majestically by the little group of aged seamen lounging under the shady elm. Then a short and stumpy old man, with a tanned face, a wooden leg, and a single eye, would struggle to his feet, whip a rickety spy-glass from his copious coat pocket, and bring it to bear gravely on the craft, though it might be less than fifty feet away. His companions always ceased talking when he did this, and looked up at him with grave and portentous interest. When he had finished sighting the craft, the one-eyed old sailor would jam his glass together with a resounding smack, drop it into his pocket, and resume his seat with pursed lips and a puckered brow. His companions then looked at each other and slowly shook their heads, implying forcibly that the one-eyed sailor had his opinions, but he didn't shout them aloud and scatter them broadcast to the world.

Within a few feet back of the tree was the shore road running around the island. Heavy men went whizzing along behind fast trotters; languid women rolled by in luxurious victorias; stylish youths, perched on grotesque dog-carts, drove with their hands very high, and made earnest efforts to keep a single glass in the right eye; brightly dressed girls ambled gently in phaetons; and equestrians bobbed jerkily along, and glared fiercely at the slim boys who flashed silently but dazzlingly to and fro on their spidery bicycles. But the old sailors sat with their eyes on the water, and noticed nothing ashore.

On the inner border of the road was a high iron fence with heavy pillars of stone. Through it could be seen more than twenty buildings, large and small, rising from closely clipped lawns, and shaded by beautiful old elms and oaks. Carefully kept flower-plots and level rows of box hedges broke the monotony of the lawns, and cool paths wound about under the trees. Scattered over the grounds were groups of ancient sea-faring men quietly chatting together, and invariably smoking pipes. They were nearly all beyond sixty years of age, and several shadowed a hundred, but they looked cheerful and happy, and spun yarns interminably. One long row of marble steps that led into the central building supported nearly two hundred old tars smoking in the shade. Over the marble portico that sheltered the steps were the words, "Sailors' Snug Harbor," in stone letters. In the basement back of the steps were more old sailors, working industriously at making baskets, weaving mats, or fashioning diminutive ships. Many more wandered along the road, and a few were fishing off the shore. There were five old men in the group under the shady elm. The oldest, a man of perhaps eighty years, had been a captain in his younger days, but his right leg was broken by a falling spar in a gale of wind, and he was obliged to give up the sea.

"I went high an' I went low," the old man said, "lookin' fur a helpin' hand, but no one would give me a lift. My leg was shattered above the knee, an' I had to use two crutches, so of course I was no good at sea. I was left in Havre until my money an' credit was gone. Then I went over on the charity of an ol' shipmate to England, where I hoped to git relief from the firm which owned the *Percy B.*, the ship I sailed as cap'n on fur six year. The firm give me three pounds sterlin', an' tol' me not to come back. Then I wandered about the docks lookin' fur my old friends. I didn't find 'em. No, it was no use: they couldn't be found. I hung around Liverpool fur two year, an' actually had to beg from door to door—me as once commanded a ship! Then I cum over to this side of the water, where I first started out to sea when a boy. I tell you it went hard with me fur a long time. I had no relations nearer than cousins, an' what cousin is goin' to take care of a middle-aged, crippled old seamun? I peddled matches, an' hung around Water and South streets fur years, gittin' lower all the time. Sometimes I'd meet some of the old men that sailed before the mast when I was cap'n of the *Percy B.*, an' they'd give me a lift fur a time. Well, I got the rheumatism in my joints, an' it did appear to me as if there wasn't any use a-livin', when the owner of a sailors' boardin'-house in Cherry Street, who knew me, sez one day, 'Try the Snug 'Arbor,' sez he. I knew that a man oughter be fifty-five to get in, an' I was only fifty-two; but I went down, an' they took me in because I was crippled, an' washed me an' shaved me, an' give me a room as clean as the cap'n's cabin of a man-o'-war, an' put me inside of a new suit of clothes, stuck a pipe in my mouth, an' sez, 'There, you're safe an' sound forever, an' God bless your soul!' "

The old man shook his head slowly, and the others puffed sympathetically at their pipes. Then the one-legged old mariner struggled up, and whipping out his spy-glass with a resounding clatter, sighted a row-boat a cable's-length distant, and muttered, in a husky bass, "Which no shattered hulk kin find a better haven fur ter haul up an' rot in than Sailors' Snug 'Arbor, late Cap'n Randall in command!" Then he slammed his glass together again and growled: "I was riddled with shot an' shell runnin' the lower blockade, an' what did my country do fur me? Left me ter soak in a swamp, an' when I cum out I starved till I struck the 'Arbor, since which I ain't no call fur ter make remarks when there's a superior orficer present, myself bein' a seamun."

This delicate reference to the former captain of the *Percy B.* was accompanied by a graceful wave of the hand, and the one-eyed and wooden-legged old sailor dropped back in his seat with the air of a man conscious of having acted in a way that was calculated to show off all his best qualities at once.

"There are a great many old sailors here," the writer said.

"There's 788 old seamun sheltered here who would otherwise be starvin' in the streets," answered the old captain. "Ten are more than ninety years old, an' nearly all are over sixty years. There's no distinction in race or color, there bein' thirty-two nations represented, an' forty-odd nigger seamun taken care of equal to any white men—"

"An' Jaxon," interrupted the one-eyed old tar.

"Yes, an' a full-blooded Indian sailor, which his name is Jaxon," added the old man. "There are also all grades. Twenty-six cap'ns are proud to call the 'Arbor 'ome, an' there's no end of under officers, down to a nigger cook. Besides these, there's nearly fifty blind seamun, as many in the hospital, an' twenty gone insane."

"You don't lack variety."

"No more we do, sir."

"Who built the Harbor?"

The old man carefully filled his pipe afresh, and settled himself comfortably.

"I've been here many years, an' I know the place from main-truck to keelson," he said, slowly. "It was founded in 1801, by Cap'n Robert Richard Randall, as a home fur aged an' infirm seamun. To support the instertooshun he left a farm in New York city, which in those days was so far out of town that many people couldn't locate it. It consistered of twenty-one acres, sir, which they are bounded to-day by Fourth Street an' Ninth Street an' Broadway an' University Place, with a few acres east of Broadway, on which Stewart's store stands. Old Cap'n Randall bought this property for $7500, an' afterward sold it to the first Jacob Brevoort for $5000; but the old Knickerbocker cancelled the bargain, an' the property was shoved back on Cap'n Randall's hands. The *City Record* now values that property higher than $22,000,000! The income, in course, is consequently enormous, an' can't be used up, no matter how much buildin' is done here. It goes to prove, accordin' to my calculation, that the Almighty favored this home for weary seamun, fur the home was needed, an' nothin' but good luck attended it from the first. That is, I mean, after the first struggle; for, you must know, there was a storm at the start. Cap'n Randall had nevvies an' nieces, an' he wasn't cold under-ground before they begun to contest the will. But that will was drawn up by two lawyers who knew what they was about. They died before your day, sir, but I make no doubt you've heard the names of the Hon. Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins. The nevvies an' nieces of the good old Cap'n contested that there will until 1831, when the Supreme Court declared that it was sound as oak. The 'Arbor was then put under way with a Board of Trustees accordin' to the wishes of Cap'n Randall. This Board consisted of the Chancellor of the State, the Mayor of New York, an' the President of the Chamber of Commerce, to look after the mercantile interests; the President an' Vice-President of the Marine Society, fur to keep a weather eye open to the welfare of the seamun; and the rector of Trinity an' the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, fur to represent the religious elerment. That is the way ol' Cap'n Randall wanted the Board to stand in 1801, an' that's how she stands in 1882, with the exception of the Chancellor of the State, which office has been abolished accordin' to law. If any man thinks that Cap'n Randall didn't have a level head when he outlined that there Board, let him speak."

"No man," gurgled the one-eyed sailor, huskily, "doubts the word of the cap'n of the *Percy B.*"

"That Board laid the corner-stone of the main building on October 21, 1831, and Jim Hemen, the first inmate, was admitted on the 16th of the follerin' month, accordin' to the record of the same, which I've read fur twenty year. Since that time there has been exactly eighteen hundred aged an' infirm seamun admitted. The eighteen-hundredth one came to-day, an' eat so much dinner that he made some joyful jokes, an' went to sleep in an easy-chair by the south side window of the dining-hall. I never saw so contented a man as he was. He sez he travelled from Charleston afoot to get here, an' now he's satisfied. Well, as I was sayin', good luck follered the Cap'n's lines from the start. The trustees, when they bought this place in '31, paid for 166 acres just $16,500. Now, the same property would bring more than a million. So you see she moves along nicely, an' the seamun get the benefit, as the Cap'n intended they should."

"What do you do all day long?"

"Our habits are reg'lar. We get up at five in the mornin', winter an' summer, an' wash, dress, make up our beds, an' sweep out our rooms in time fur breakfast at half past six. Fur breakfast we have coffee, bread and butter, an' hash or meat of some kind. Then we have a roast-meat dinner at noon, an' supper at six. Between meals we make baskets an' mats an' things, an' sell 'em in the city fur spendin'-money. We are allowed one pound of tobacco a month by Governor Melville, who has charge of the 'Arbor, an' if we want any more we buys it. Then we have a readin'-room an' library, an' we play dominoes; but what we do most is what we're doing now—resting."

"I suppose you have many queer companions here—men of strange experiences through the world?"

"We have," said the ancient tar, decidedly, "a man here who was a great man, an' who is a great man yet in memory; for he isn't here, which he's dead." The old man paused after this singularly concise and lucid statement to observe the one-legged old tar, who, after intently studying the character of one of the Staten Island ferry-boats, slid his glass together slowly and softly, and shook his head with a mournful air as he slowly sat down in his place.

"Dead as my grandmother's cat!" said the one-eyed old salt, in a jerky bass voice that seemed to rumble up and down his throat at will, sometimes sinking almost to silence, and then suddenly barking out gruffly, while his eye wandered sadly over the water, and he tapped the sod with his wooden leg. "Deader, if anything, 'cause he's buried eight feet deep. An' I say now fur the hundredth time that he was a man such as ain't orften ekalled, was Cap'n Spencer, man-o'-wars-man, an' gunner to the second gun on the la'board side of the quarter-deck of the *Essex*, 1812."

"The *Essex*?"

"Yes, sir; begun as powder-monkey on frigate *Essex*, one of the midshipmen bein' Admiral Farragut—leastwise he arterward become Admiral Farragut. Cap'n Spencer died in November, in this 'ere 'Arbor, in the year '77, havin' been a inmate of the same for twenty-eight years. When Admiral Farragut was alive, Cap'n Spencer went to see him reg'lar. They was the only two survivors of the great fight, an' Farragut treated him like an ekall, if he was an admiral. 'What cheer, Spencer?' the commander used ter say; an' Spencer 'd say, 'Tip-top, your honor, an' movin' along,' whereon they would talk over the great fights of 1812–14. When he took leave of Cap'n Spencer, the Admiral used to say, 'Well, Spencer, you're creepin' toward eighty, an' I'm gettin' along myself. I wonder which of us goes first?' An' Cap'n Spencer used to say, 'Please God, it's me, your honor,' and come back to the 'Arbor. The Admiral went first, an' was buried in such a most terrific storm that folks didn't care ter risk it; but Cap'n Spencer followed his old commander through the storm of hail and rain as he had through storms of shot an' shell, an' stood by, though drenched to the skin, while the remains was stowed away. Then he cum back ter the 'Arbor, an' stood the only man as lived who fought in the *Essex* that day at Valparaiso."

"It was a great battle."

"It was, sir," rumbled the one-legged old sailor, jerkily—"it was, indeed. Cap'n Dave Porter, whose son commanded another *Essex* in the last war, was in command that March day at Valparaiso when Spencer an' Admiral Farragut fought side by side. Dave Porter wanted fight. He sent word to the two British men-o'-war layin' outside the 'arbor, sayin' to the English admiral that if he would send one of the men-o'-war, the *Phœbe*, three leagues seaward, he would come out and engage the *Cherub*, which was a bigger frigate than the *Essex* an' heavier manned. Well, sir, the English admiral agreed, an' the *Phœbe* put out to sea. Old Dave Porter was so anxious to fight, sir, that he wouldn't wait fur that there *Phœbe* to get any distance away, but clum right out and engaged the big *Cherub*. In a minute the other Englishman come about, an' before Dave Porter could get his honest old head into workin' order, the *Essex* had it hot an' heavy, with one on the sta'board quarter an' the other on the la'board bow emptying hot shot into her like hail. I tell you, sir, that wasn't a pleasant fight by no means, an' America ain't no call ter feel ashamed of her boys aboard the *Essex*, fur they was sound an' true, an' none more so than Cap'n Spencer, late of the Sailors' Snug 'Arbor, now no more of this life."

Again the one-legged old tar struggled up, and sighted a row-boat with great earnestness. The old captain of the *Percy B.* looked at him sadly, and said, aside to the writer: "Peg-leg feels his loss. There was no closer friends in this 'Arbor than Peg-leg an' Cap'n Spencer of the *Essex*, 1812."

"Yes, we has odd characters here," he continued; "men who have fought the world for many years, and been cast about by the elerments till they're bunged an' tattered an' torn; men who has led lives that they wouldn't dare to live again, an' men who has been wrecked on many seas. They are all here, driftin' slowly toward the end, but comf'table an' happy, passin' their las' days snug an' sound in the berth provided by a good man, whose memory's always green—Cap'n Robert Richard Randall."

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KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"IT IS ALTOGETHER UNTRUE."

The month of September wore itself away at Exeter very sadly. An attempt was made to bid Mrs. Western welcome back to her old home, but from the nature of the circumstances there could hardly be much heartiness in the attempt. Mrs. Thorne came over from Honiton to see her, but even between Cecilia and Maude Hippesley, who was certainly the most cherished of her Exeter friends, there could be no free confidence, although there was much sympathy. Mrs. Western could bring herself to speak evil to no one of her husband. She had, with much passion, told the entire story to her mother, but when her mother had begun to say hard words respecting him, Cecilia had found it impossible to bear them. Had her mother taken Mr. Western's part, it may be doubted whether she could have endured that. There was no speech concerning him which was possible for her ears. She still looked forward to the chance of having him back again, and if he would come back, if he would take her back, then he should be entirely forgiven. He should be so forgiven that no mutual friend should have heard a word of reproach from her lips. She herself would know how hardly she had been used; but there should be no one to say that she had ever been heard to complain of her husband. Not the less was her heart full of wrath; not the less did she during every hour of the day turn over in her thoughts the terrible injustice of which she had been the victim. But it can be understood that even to her old friend Maude Hippesley, who was now happy in her new home as Mrs. Thorne, she could not talk openly of the circumstances of her separation. But there was, alas! no other subject of such interest to her at the present moment as to give matter for free conversation.

The Dean's family, and especially Mrs. Hippesley, attempted to be kind to her. The Dean himself came down and called with much decanal grandeur, conspicuous as he walked up to the hall door with shovel hat and knee-breeches. But even the Dean could not do much. He had intended to take Mrs. Western's part as against his brother-in-law, having been no doubt prompted by some old feeling of favor toward Cecilia Holt; but now he was given to understand that this Mr. Western had also gone astray, and in such a way as to make it hardly possible that he should talk about it. He called, therefore, and took her by the hand, and expressed a hope that all things should be made to go straight, and then he left her, taking her by the hand again, and endeavoring to prove his esteem by his manner of doing so. That was the beginning and the end of the Dean's comforting. Mrs. Hippesley could do but little more. She did make an attempt at confidential conversation, but was soon stopped by Cecilia's cold manner. Mrs. Western, indeed, could speak to none. She could not utter a word either for or against her husband. Mrs. Green came, of course, more than once, but it was the same thing. Mrs. Western could endure to talk and to be talked to about nothing. And though there was friendship in it, it was but a subdued feeling of friendship—of friendship which under the circumstances had to be made silent. Mrs. Green, when she had taken her leave, determined not to come again immediately, and Mrs. Western, when Mrs. Green had gone, felt that she did not wish her to come. She could live with her mother more easily than with her old friends, because her mother understood the tone of her mind. Each kept her thoughts to herself on that subject of which each was thinking, but each sympathized with the other.

Lady Grant, as soon as she understood the condition of things, at once began to correspond with her brother. To her it was a matter of course that he should, sooner or later, take his wife back again. But to her thinking it was most important that he should do so before the fact of their quarrel had been flaunted before the world by an enduring separation. She wrote, in the first instance, without throwing blame upon either party, but calling upon her brother to show the honesty and honor of his purpose by coming back at once to Durton Lodge, and receiving Cecilia. "Of course it must be so sooner or later," said Lady Grant; "and the quicker you do it, so much easier will be the doing." It should be told that Mrs. Holt had, without telling her daughter in her passion, herself written to Mr. Western. "You have sacrificed my daughter in your perversity, and that without the slightest cause for blame." Such had been the nature of Mrs. Holt's letter, which had reached him but a day before that of his sister. Lady Grant's appeal had not been of the same nature. She had said nothing of the sin of either of them, but had written as though both had been in fault, misunderstanding each other, and neither having been willing to yield a little. Then she had appealed to her brother's love and affectionate disposition. It was not till afterward that she had been able to inform him of the baby that was expected.

Mr. Western answered his sister's letter from Dresden. To Mrs. Holt he sent no reply; but he used her letter as the ground for that which he made to Lady Grant, writing as though Mrs. Holt's words had come directly from his wife. "They say that I have sacrificed Cecilia without the slightest fault on her part. I have not sacrificed her, and there has been terrible fault on her part. Fault! A young woman marries a man while she is yet engaged to another, and tells the poor dupe whom she has got within her clutches nothing of her first engagement! Is there no fault in that? And she afterward entertains the first man at her husband's house, and corresponds with him, and prepares at last to receive him there as a friend, and that without a word on the subject spoken to her husband! Is there no fault in that? And at last the truth becomes known to him because the base man is discontented with the arrangements that have been made, and chooses to punish her by exposing her at last to the wrath of her husband! I say nothing of him. With his conduct in the world I have no concern. But can all that have taken place with no fault on her part? What in such a state of things should I have done? Should I have contented myself simply with forbidding my wife to receive the man at my house? Should I have asked her no question as to the past? Should I have passed over that engagement which had been in full existence during the last twelve months, and have said nothing of it? Or should I have expressed my anger, and then have forgiven her, and attempted to live with her as though this man had never existed? Knowing me as you do, can you say that that would have been possible to me? How could I have lived with a wife of whom I knew so much as I had then learned of mine—but had known so little before? Had I been a man of the world, living for the world, careless as to my own home except as to the excellence of my dinner and the comfort of my bed, it might have been possible. A man trusting for his happiness to such means might, perhaps, have continued to exist and not have been broken-hearted. But I think you will understand that such could not be the case with me. I looked for my happiness to my wife's society, and I discovered when I had married that I could not find it there. I could never respect her.

"But she tells me that having married her, I have no right to sacrifice her. As I had been fool enough to allow myself to be so quickly allured by her charms, and had made those charms my own, I was bound to stand by my bargain. That I take it is the argument which her mother uses. I grant the truth of it. It is I that should be sacrificed and not she. I have so acted that I am bound to submit myself to such a verdict. What the law would require from me I can not say. The law might perhaps demand a third of my income. She shall have two-thirds if she wishes it. She shall have seven-eighths if she will ask for it. At present I have given instructions by which during her life she shall have one-half. I am aware that in the heat of her passion she has declined to accept this. It shall nevertheless be paid to her credit. And I must deny that one who has achieved her marriage after such a fashion has any right, when so treated, to regard herself as sacrificed. I am the victim. But as I am convinced that she and I can not live happily together, I reserve to myself the right of living apart."

Lady Grant, when she received this letter, immediately sat down to write to Cecilia, but she soon found it to be impossible to put into a letter all that there was to be said. She was living in the neighborhood of Perth, whereas her sister-in-law was at Exeter. And yet the matter was of such moment that she perceived it to be essential that they should see each other. Perhaps it might be better that Mrs. Western should come to her; and therefore she wrote to her, not explaining the cause of the proposed visit, to do which would be as difficult as to write the full letter, but simply saying that in the present condition of things she thought it would be well that Cecilia should visit her. This, however, Mrs. Western refused to do. She had come to her mother, she said, in her terrible difficulty, and in her present circumstances would not at once leave her. She considered herself bound to obey her husband, and would remain at Exeter until she received instructions from him to leave it.

There was in her letter a subdued tone of displeasure, which Lady Grant felt that she had not deserved. She at any rate was anxious to do her best. But she would not on that account abandon the task which she had undertaken. Her only doubt was whether she had better go to her brother at Berlin or to his wife at Exeter. She understood perfectly now the nature of those mistaken suspicions which filled her brother's mind. And she was almost sure of the circumstances which had produced them. But she was not quite sure; and were she to make mistakes in discussing the matter with him, such mistakes might be fatal. She thought that with Cecilia she could not do other than good. She knew her brother's mind better than did his wife, and she imagined that between them such a story might be told—a story so true and so convincing that the husband might be brought back.

The following very short letter, therefore, was written:

"MY DEAR CECILIA,—As you will not come to me at Perth, I must go to you at Exeter. I shall start this day week, and will be with you on the following Wednesday. Do not mind as to a room for me, as I can stop at the hotel; but it is, I think, imperative that we should see each other.

"Yours affectionately, BERTHA GRANT."

"Mamma, Lady Grant is coming here next week," said Cecilia to her mother.

"To this house next week?"

"She says that she will come to the hotel, but of course we must receive her here."

"But why is she coming?"

"I suppose it is because she thinks that something should be done on behalf of her brother. I can understand her feeling, and am sure that she sympathizes with me. But I do not think that any good will come of it. Unless he can see how wrong he is, nothing will be able to change him. And until his very nature is changed, he will not be made to understand his own fault." It was thus for the first time for a fortnight that Mrs. Western spoke to her mother about her husband.

At the day appointed Lady Grant came, and Mrs. Western met her at the station. "Of course you will not go to the hotel," she said; "there is plenty of room at the house. I am greatly obliged to you for coming. It seems a dreadful thing to have to come on such a business all the way from Perth. I know that I ought to apologize to you for the trouble."

"Apologize! There can be no apologizing between you and me. If I can make each of you understand the truth, there is not, I think, any doubt but that you will be brought together."

"If he can be made to see the truth, it may be so. I do not know that there is any seeing of the truth necessary on the other side. I have complained of nothing. He has taken upon himself to leave me for some cause as to which I am perfectly in the dark. However, we will not talk about it now." Then she put Lady Grant into the fly and took her home.

There was nothing more said about it on that day. Mrs. Western, in whose bosom something of her feeling of anger against her husband was most unjustly extended toward Lady Grant, took care that they two should not be at once left together again. Mrs. Holt was studiously civil, but always with a feeling that Mr. Western and Lady Grant were brother and sister. It was probable that the sister would take her brother's part, and consequently be at any moment converted into an enemy. The first evening at Exeter was passed very uncomfortably by the three ladies. But on the following morning a conference was demanded. "My dear," said Lady Grant, "we have got to discuss all this, and we may as well do it at once. What does your husband mean when he says that you were still engaged to Sir Francis when you became engaged to him?"

"Has he said so?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then he has said what is altogether untrue. Nor is there the slightest ground for such an untruth. Everything between me and Sir Francis Geraldine was over before we had gone to the Continent. Why, I left England in consequence of the shock it gave me to have to abandon him. Does he know—does your brother know what I told you?"

"He did not know it when he wrote to me."

"I suppose not. I should think he would send some message. As a rule, he is soft-hearted, although to me he has become suddenly so inexpressibly cruel."

"But you understand now the cause of his displeasure?"

"Not in the least," said the angry wife. "I know of no cause for his displeasure. Displeasure! I know of no cause to justify a step so terrible as this."

"Though the statement may be untrue, as you say—"

"It is untrue; it is altogether untrue."

"But he has believed it."

"Why has he believed it? Why?—why?"

"Ah, indeed, why?" said Lady Grant. "I suppose that no lie becomes prevalent in the world for evil without some fault on the part of somebody. Even though it may not have been expressed in exact terms, some false person has intentionally spread it abroad. And then a man in his wrath when he hears the lie will distort it, and twist it, and aggravate it—to his own wrong and to that of others."

"But my own husband—him whom I so passionately loved!"

"And who so passionately loved you! It was because of that that the lie has so rankled. And, Cecilia dear, let us be altogether open to each other."

"I have concealed nothing from you," said Mrs. Western, proudly.

"Nor willfully from him. But you had kept from him a detail of your past life—of your life not long since past—which, as you yourself felt, ought to have been made known to him."

"It would have been made known to him."

"Just so. But unfortunately he was first allowed to hear it from another quarter. How it was told from thence you and I do not know."

"I saw the letter to him from Sir Francis Geraldine. There was no such statement in it as that you have now made. The tone of the letter was ungentlemanlike and abominable, but the facts as declared were true."

"Do you believe, then, that he has invented this falsehood against you to excuse himself?"

"No," said the deserted wife; "I do not think he invented it."

"Nor I. How was it, then, that the idea has made its way into his brain?"

"He is suspicious," said Mrs. Western, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, he is suspicious. It is the fault of his character. But he is true and honest and affectionate, and is by no means exacting or self-seeking. You have no right to expect that your husband should be perfect—nor has he a right to expect it of you. He had no idea of this engagement till it was told by him who of all men was bound not to tell him."

The conversation was carried on after this for a considerable time, but was left chiefly in the hands of Lady Grant. Two or three times Mrs. Western put in a word, but it was always to ask what might be the effect upon him when he should have learned the tidings which she had sent him. Lady Grant seemed to think that he would of course come back and again take his wife to his bosom as soon as he should be made to understand all the exact facts as to her intercourse with Sir Francis Geraldine, and as to her quarrel with him. But poor Cecilia seemed to believe more in the coming of the little stranger. "He can reject me," she once said, with mingled bitterness and hope, "but I can not believe that such as he should reject his own child."

But neither then nor on the following day, which was the last that Lady Grant allowed herself at Exeter, could she be induced to send to her husband a single word asking his pardon. "No," she said, holding her head aloft as she spoke, "it is for me to pardon him. If he wants my pardon, he shall have it. He need not ask for it, but if he comes he shall have it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOOING BY PROXY.

SHE is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujen whom he had loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Madame De Soulé's commonplaces. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She can not avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her, or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I have regretted her, she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Madame De Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. De Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth-century horror of melodrama can not keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation—" she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. De Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising, she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her, and moves away.

It is all as he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Madame De Miramon's slender white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophes always inspire in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to himself, and recognizes Lucille de Beaujen, the young sister of Madame De Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks, gayly. "Do not tell me that you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he mutters, hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly, and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extricating him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment-room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mademoiselle Lucille—"

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says, gravely.

"Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Madame De Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her, you love her even more—"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his, as he murmurs unsteadily, "God bless you!"

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming *fiancée* to M. De Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house, and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. De Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torture a proud pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her with some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at my convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always—" he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You loved her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good!" continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant, then, rising abruptly, walks away.

"Il a des beaux yeux, mon Dieu!" she thinks, with a thrill of wonder that Jeanne should have had the courage to refuse him anything in the days when they were young together.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—I—"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to me."

"I? You? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asks, softly.

"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I can not imagine how—"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaperon she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret."

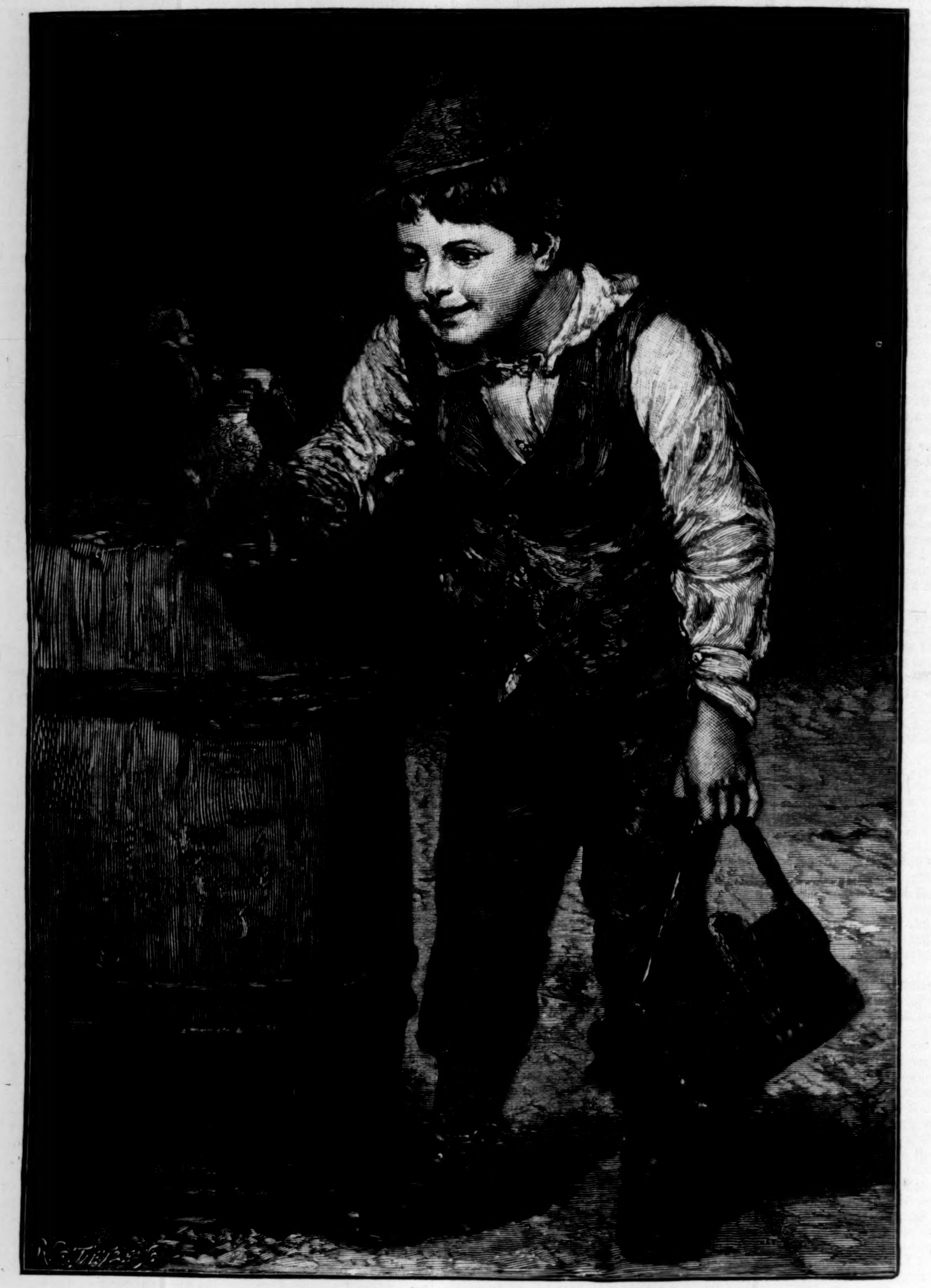
"But, forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks, and know that your love is worthy of my sister, that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. *Enfin*, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her new-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreaded it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motive in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It can not wound you, who have long ago ceased to regret him; and he is the best *parti* in Paris, and *très bel homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Madame De Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lovers' quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the peace she has resolved to possess? Thank God! she can at least promise herself that whatever she may suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.



"BRIC-À-BRAC."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown.

[By Permission of G. Reichard.]

There is a sound of wheels in the court-yard, and she rises, with a hasty glance at her fair reflection in a mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open, and a servant announces,

"M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

To her surprise, he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust himself to touch calmly the hand he would have risked his life to kiss any time these ten years?

"You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is of course a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust, has changed me."

"It would be sad indeed if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaimed, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—"

"May I enter, my sister?" asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portière at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns at once, and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her rôle with pretty coquetry, and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaperon bends over her lace-work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten, and sees the tender glances she imagined she had ceased to regret—all given to her young sister in her unregarded presence. Dear God! how is she to keep the peace she so prays for, if her future is to be haunted by this ghost from her past? She is very patient and used to suffering, but at length she can endure no longer, and not daring to leave the room, she moves away to a distant writing-table, where she is at least beyond hearing.

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Madame De Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu, or a Talleyrand, or any other prince of schemers.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming *jeune premier* at the Français, only when you say anything very tender, do remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month has dragged by, wretchedly enough both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his rôle if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which, even in its serene indifference, has become the one charm of life to him. Madame De Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the court-yard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Étoile," she says, anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Madame De Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Étoile, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly. "I should like to master a horse who has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says, with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block.

"Jeanne!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm, the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes like a stag's at bay. "I shall ride Étoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers, putting his arm across the saddle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden blaze of command in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own; then she springs from the block and comes close to him.

"I hate you!" she gasps, and turning, gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the salon she faces him, with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and like most men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asks, imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—"

"You should have said, 'I love you,' he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last, I who have loved you all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady, very cheerfully, from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, my Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—*fi donc!* When my day comes,

"'Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone.'"

HEINRICH HEINE.

Heinrich Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, on the 13th of December, 1799. He himself was wont to post-date his birth, and to give it as the 1st of January, 1800, that he might found upon it the playful conceit of his being "one of the first men of the century." The actual register of his birth was destroyed by fire, as were afterward many letters and documents which would have made his biography more complete; but inquiries vigorously prosecuted by Strodtman go sufficiently to prove that the above is correct. His father was a shop-keeper of very moderate position—a man who had detached himself from orthodox Judaism, come into contact with "enlightenment" men, and fully sympathized with them. "Heine's father," says Karpeles, writing from the Jewish point of view, "appears to have been a man in whom excessive enlightenment and the shallow rationalism of the previous century had produced a complete indifference to every religion. At all events, Samson Heine was not of the type to give to his children a firm foundation in Jewish knowledge and Jewish faith by his example." He was plainly above the average of his class in culture; admired and studied Goethe, and did not fail to encourage the early literary efforts of his sons, who again mutually encouraged each other in the writing of verses and the telling of stories. And in order that the youths might not be discouraged, he would refrain from reference to Goethe sometimes, saying, "How shall my youngsters be encouraged to persevere, if ever and ever we will speak only of Goethe?" His ambition, however, was not so high as it might have been. We find him on one occasion saying to Heinrich, after the reading of a poem by Schutze, "My dear son, how it would please me if thou couldst but become half as distinguished as the author of this poem!"

For curious students of character, of inherited traits, and of the effect of parental influence, it would, we think, be a fine subject to try to make out how much in Heine was due to these forces.

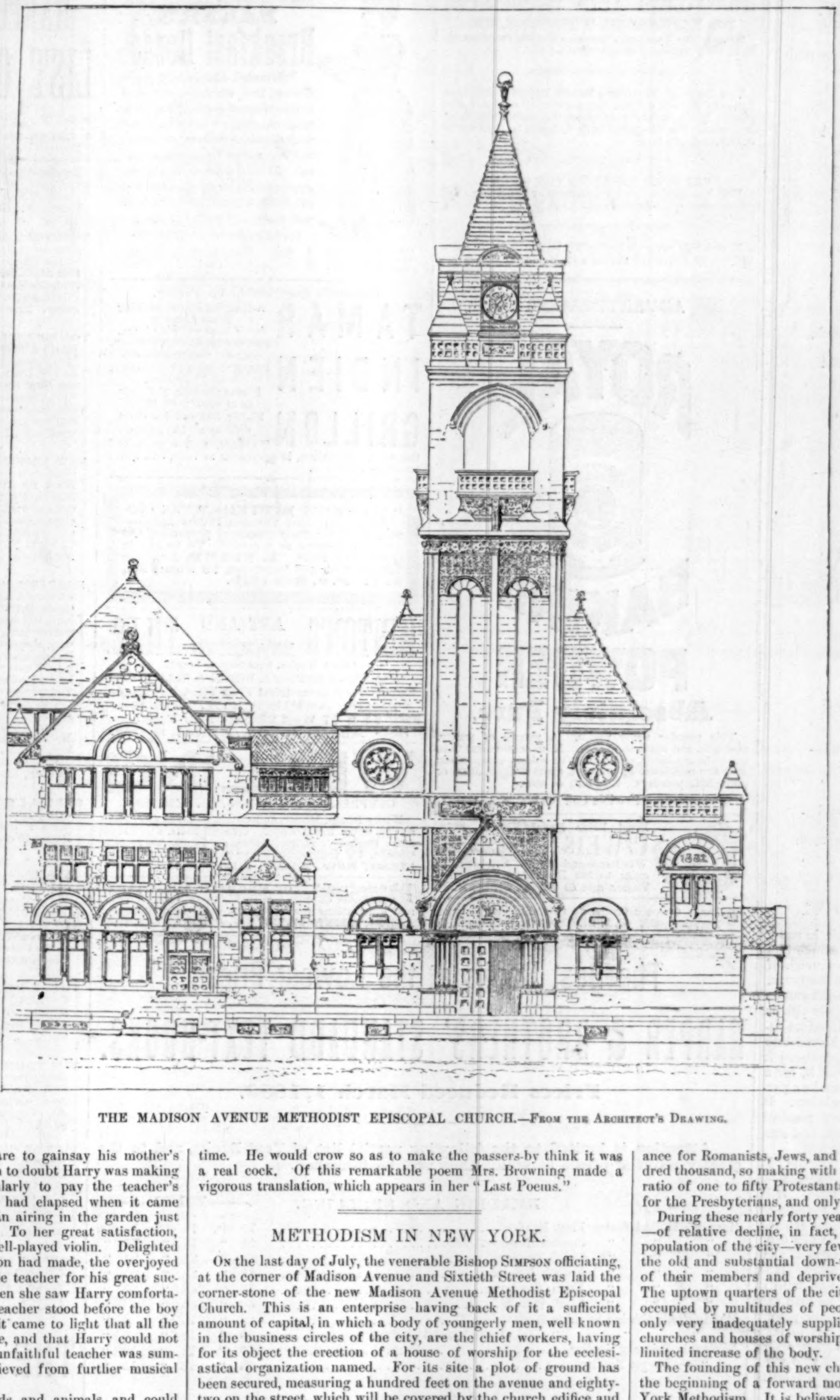
In not a little he reproduced his father and mother. The clear, vigorous discernment and sarcasm of the father, with bitter sneers at religion all round, the simple affectionateness, the tender reverence and constant sympathy with all honest worth and uprightness and noble struggling effort which marked his mother, and which combined to give her such an influence over her famous son—all these traits re-appear in Heine, and wonderfully modify and give effect to each other. What Heine would have been without the honest kindliness, the truly restraining influence of his mother, it were hard to guess; and yet it is not very hard to guess some of the inevitable results—a new proof, if it were needed, of the manner in which literary development is colored by influences at once silent and remote. Heine's mother lived to be upward of eighty, and there was perhaps a special blessing for the world and for Heine in the fact that she outlived him, for to the last she remained a kind of pole-star for his wayward heart.

While still a child Heine was sent to the French Lyceum in Düsseldorf, the rector of which, Herr Schallmeyer, was a Roman Catholic priest of considerable attainments as a scholar, and of liberal views. He soon discovered Heine's rare talents, and is said to have advised his mother to devote Heinrich to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, assuring her that his influence among the dignitaries was such as speedily to procure the preferment of one who promised to become so clever a man; but, to the honor of Frau Heine, she would not listen to this very tempting proposal. Heine, we learn, on hearing this, speculated much how he would have looked in the little hat and the silken gown of an *abbate.*

The picture we have of the school days of Heine give the impression of a character of great quickness, unconquerable vivacity, and spirit; observant, and turning all his observations to account, yet not without a vein of meditativeness suggestive of something premature, of which, indeed, his early romantic love affairs may be taken as proof. Max Heine, in his *Erinnerungen*, has preserved many laughable anecdotes of his brother's school days. He tells us, for instance, that their mother was desirous that all her children should have a thorough musical education, and selected the violin as Harry's instrument:

"The tedious practicing required to master this difficult instrument soon exhausted Harry's small stock of patience, but he did not dare to gainsay his mother's orders, and the latter, having no reason to doubt Harry was making satisfactory progress, continued regularly to pay the teacher's monthly salary, and so almost a year had elapsed when it came to pass that the mother was taking an airing in the garden just at the hour of Harry's music lesson. To her great satisfaction, she heard the melodious tones of a well-played violin. Delighted at the wonderful progress that her son had made, the overjoyed mother hastened upstairs to thank the teacher for his great success. Imagine the natural dismay when she saw Harry comfortably stretched on the sofa, while the teacher stood before the boy entertaining him by playing! Then it came to light that all the music lessons had been of this nature, and that Harry could not even play the scales correctly. The unfaithful teacher was summarily dismissed, and Harry was relieved from further musical instruction."

He learned to imitate various birds and animals, and could crow so like a cock that he would sometimes rise very early and set all the cocks in the neighborhood to make a noise, and so awaken the sleepers betimes; and he himself in one of his poems has told what good use he made of this accomplishment—when the "two children" would retire to the hen-house and beguile the time. He would crow so as to make the passers-by think it was a real cock. Of this remarkable poem Mrs. Browning made a vigorous translation, which appears in her "Last Poems."



THE MADISON AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the Architect's Drawing.

METHODISM IN NEW YORK.

On the last day of July, the venerable Bishop Simpson officiating, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street was laid the corner-stone of the new Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. This is an enterprise having back of it a sufficient amount of capital, in which a body of youngerly men, well known in the business circles of the city, are the chief workers, having for its object the erection of a house of worship for the ecclesiastical organization named. For its site a plot of ground has been secured, measuring a hundred feet on the avenue and eighty-two on the street, which will be covered by the church edifice and the adjoining Sunday-school and Lecture-room building, presenting a double front of a hundred feet on Madison Avenue. The structure is to be of the Gothic order of architecture; the material, freestone. There is to be a tower midway of the front 130 feet in height. The entire cost of the ground, buildings, and furnishing is estimated at $225,000, and the work is to be completed within one year. The architect is Mr. R. H. Robertson.

The founding of this church and the erection of its house of worship is rightly recognized as an event of very considerable interest in New York Methodism, which has hitherto had but few churches along the central portion of the city above Fourteenth Street, and except St. Paul's, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, and, in a less degree, the Central Church, in Seventh Avenue near Fourteenth Street, and perhaps one or two others, none in the whole city of marked architectural character. It is therefore the design of this movement to establish a first-class church of the regular Methodist Episcopal order in one of the most aristocratic sections of the city, and to make it in all its appointments at once elegant in design and finish, and thoroughly suited for its sacred uses.

Methodism is among the old denominations of New York Protestantism, dating from the year 1766, when Philip Embury, an Irish "local" preacher, preached the Gospel and organized a "class" in his own house "near the Common." It has ever since maintained a good share of spiritual vitality, and has been among the recognized religious forces in the community. As late as the year 1835 the Presbyterians were the most numerous denomination in the city, the Methodists second in numerical order, with both the Episcopalians and the Baptists at some distance in the rear. Since then, however, all this is changed. The Episcopalians have within the last forty years trebled their communicants, and they are now without a rival, in both numbers and wealth, and scarcely less so in Christian activity, as well as in social position. During the same term of years the Presbyterians and Methodists have each increased by about one-third of their former numbers, and the Baptists a little more rapidly; the relative numbers of the four bodies being four for the Episcopalians, three for the Presbyterians, and two each for the Baptists and Methodists.

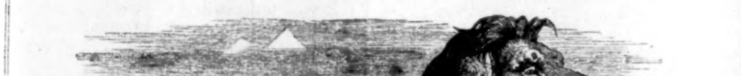
Compared with the entire Protestant population of the city the showing is no better. Reckoning the Protestant population of the city in 1845 at three hundred and fifty thousand and the Methodists at ten thousand, there was then one Methodist to thirty-five persons. In 1880, the Protestant population, making a liberal allowance for Romanists, Jews, and atheists, would be at least six hundred thousand, so making with the twelve thousand Methodists the ratio of one to fifty Protestants. The showing is about the same for the Presbyterians, and only a little better for the Baptists.

During these nearly forty years of the slow growth of Methodism—of relative decline, in fact, as compared with the Protestant population of the city—very few new churches have been founded; the old and substantial down-town churches have been depleted of their members and deprived of their resources by removals The uptown quarters of the city, now covered with dwellings, and occupied by multitudes of people, chiefly Protestants, have been only very inadequately supplied by Methodists with organized churches and houses of worship, and the result is seen in the very limited increase of the body.

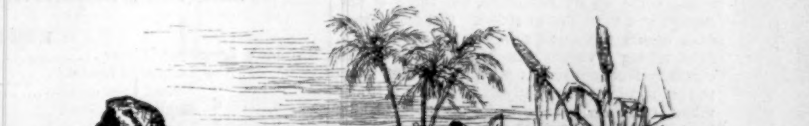
The founding of this new church, it is hoped, therefore, may be the beginning of a forward movement in the whole mass of New York Methodism. It is believed that there is in the denomination enough of wealth and enterprise, and of the spirit of aggressive Christian activity, to inaugurate at once a new departure in denominational church work in New York itself, which is among the broadest, the most needy, and the most hopeful mission fields in all Christendom.

Daniel Curry.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—July 15, 1882.



"A LION IN THE PATH!"



THE PATH.

A HEART FOR A POSY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

"Which will you have? The blush or pink?
The crimson, white, or yellow?"—
(And her low voice is just the voice
To captivate a fellow)—
The prettiest of pretty girls,
With loveliest of noses,
And brownest eyes, replies when I
Entreat a few June roses.

She stands inside the garden gate
I carelessly lean over;
The grass around my feet is thick
With purple blooms of clover;
Near by a cow contentedly
In pleasant sunshine dozes;
And I say, "Any kind *you* please;
They're all enchanted roses."

And then she flits from bush to bush,
Their fragrant treasure stealing,
Her flowing sleeve and slender waist
And rounded arm revealing.
I gaze entranced as ev'ry move
She makes some grace discloses,
And give to her my heart before
She's even plucked the roses.

And yet, how very strange it seems—
'Tis scarcely two short hours
Since Claribel sent me to seek
For her these peerless flowers.
I thought Love sent me too, but of
That thought Love quick disposes,
For here I find him waiting with
The princess of the roses.

"So keep the posy, fairest girl;
No other maid shall wear it;
Or, if thou wilt most gracious be,
Why, with me deign to share it.
And if when next we meet a bud
Upon thy curls reposes,
'Twill be a sign my *true* sweetheart
Reigns o'er a court of roses."

She gives me all but one moss bud—
The while her face expresses
A shy delight—and as she goes
She pins that in her tresses.
And smiling Hope declares the maid
With loveliest of noses
And brownest eyes will plight her troth
To me ere fade the roses.

THE MOSQUITO PLAGUE.

Mosquitoes are altogether intolerable, in many respects worse than scorpions. The simple fact that a scorpion can be caught removes much of its terrors. It can be picked up with the tongs, and thrust into the kitchen fire, or a brick can be dropped upon it, and the remains kept in spirits of wine. A scorpion is a fact, and therefore assailable. It can be pummelled and kicked into the street. It is in our power to apprehend it and punish it. There is solidity about it, for a scorpion will sink in water. We can make a parcel of it and throw it out of the window. It lends itself, being material, to every possible treatment, and invests pursuit, capture, and subsequent destruction with a certain dignity.

With the mosquito none of this is possible. It is a voice only, but a voice with a proboscis—a phantom with a beak, a ghost that bites. It is not to be caught, but if it is, there is nothing in the hand worth mentioning. The captor can not be proud of the residue, for the remains of a dead ghost are the merest trifle. The meanest of men would not hesitate to throw them away. It is not possible, as with a scorpion, to wait until it settles, and then stamp upon it, for no man can stamp on the nape of his own neck, or permit another to do so. Nor is it of any use to take the fire-irons to the mosquito, or to set a dog upon it. A man would look absurd who went after one with a thick stick, or threw his boots at it.

The mere passage of the hand through the air blows a mosquito away, yet this gossamer nothing, this aerial ephemerid, paralyzes the intellect and turns the human affections to gall. The very littleness of the persecutor imbitters life. If the kitchen poker could be of any use, they might come on by battalions, but there is not enough in a mosquito to strike. Out from some dark corner the small thing comes in the twilight, piping a vicious catechism as it flies. It carefully reconnoitres its prey, and settles upon the point selected as lightly as a shadow. It has taken it half an hour to make up its mind, and its human foe sits all the time breathless and motionless, while the exasperating sing-song comes and goes, rises and falls, now at one ear, now at another, round behind his head, and then down to the ankles; but at last it ceases. The mosquito has settled, and the moment for vengeance has arrived. Has it? The intention is excellent, and the vigor of the blow undeniable, but what is there to show? A pimple, nothing more—an irritating and unnecessary pimple.

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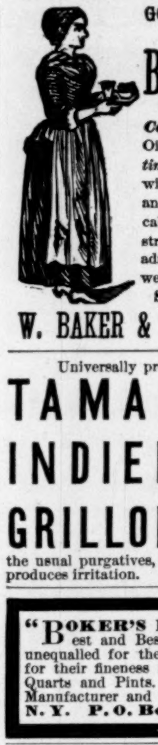

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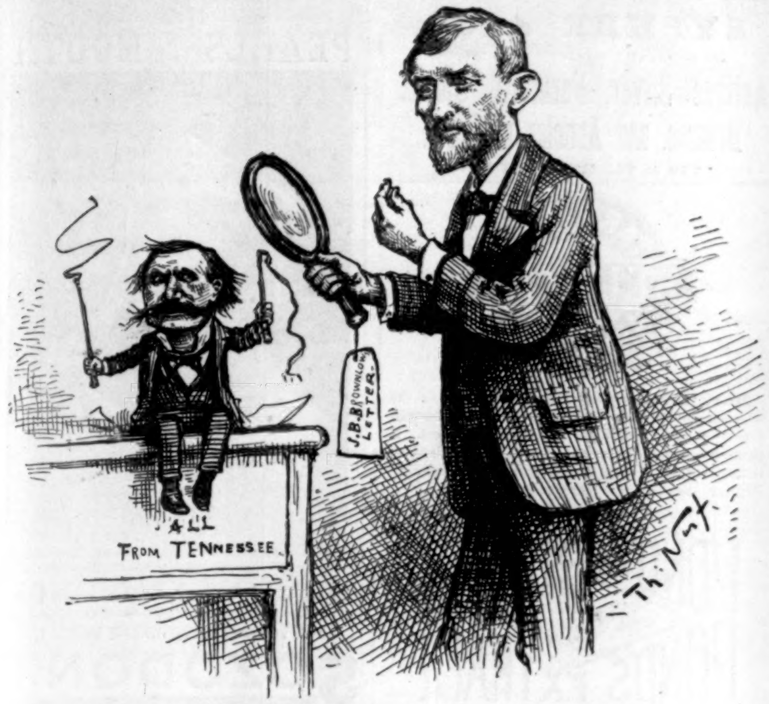

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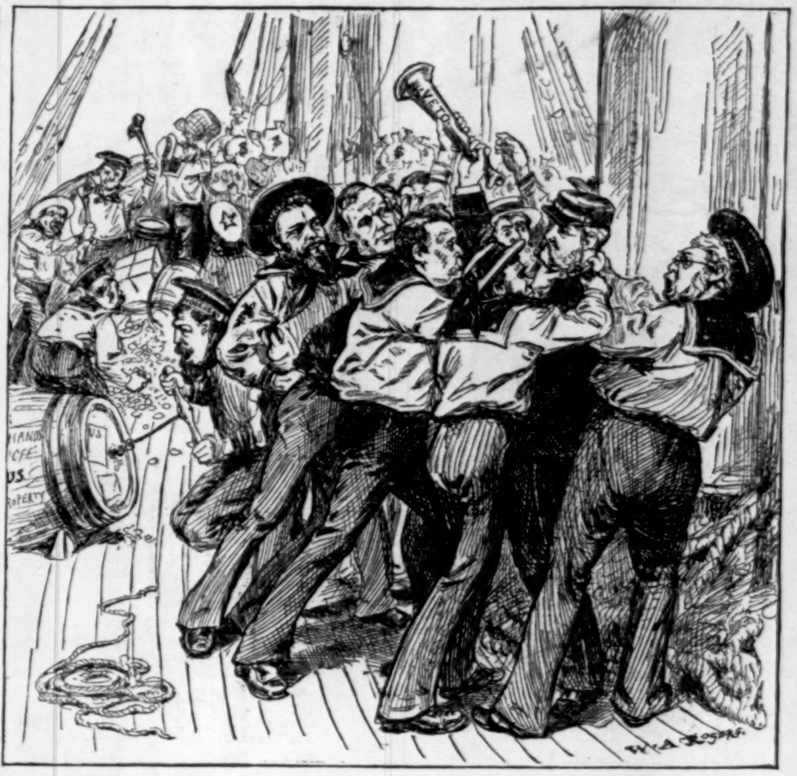

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